A 2.

COLLECTION

Of all the

Humorous Letters

IN THE

LONDON JOURNAL.

The SECOND EDITION,
With ADDITIONS.

LONDON,
Printed and Sold by J. ROBERTS, *in* Warwick-Lane. 1721.
(Price One Shilling.)

A COLLECTION OF ALL THE HUMOROUS LETTERS IN TYPE

BRITISH MUSEUM

HUMOROUS LETTERS

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NUMBER I.

An Account of the Author.

HAVING set up for a Weekly Wit, it is expedient, like others of that Class, who have gone before me, that I give the Town some true and faithful History of myself.

I presume, every one, who knows any thing of the *British* Nation, will take it for granted, that being a *Welshman* I must have Noble Blood in my Veins. I am therefore a *Gentleman by Nation*; I was born in *Glamorganshire*; and my Family, like the great *Buchanan's*, was rather ancient than rich. My Mother used frequently to mention a Tradition very current among her Relations, that one of her Line was once very near being

being made a Lord, but before his Patent was paſſed, he was hang'd for Horſe-ſtealing; whereas had he but got it once in his Pocket, no ſort of Felony could have hurt him. This happened before the Arrival of *Julius Cæſar* in this Iſland, and is frequently mention'd by my Mother's Kindred to this day, to the Honour of our Anceſtor aforeſaid. She had alſo an Uncle in K. *Charles* II's Reign, who having great Ambition, and reſolving to get Preferment, ſtarved honourably about this Town for 6 or 7 Years in hopes of it; and at laſt, by his Perſonal Intereſt with that Monarch, was made an Exciſeman, with a Promiſe of the firſt White-Staff that fell. But ſhe owns he never was made a firſt Miniſter; for while he was every day expecting a Letter from his Majeſty, and a Call to the Council-Table, he died of a Surfeit of Leeks and Brandy at an Alehouſe in *Monmouth*, to the great Grief and Loſs of the Family, who, with him, loſt all their Hopes. It is certain, that at the time of his unhappy Departure, he expected in a Week's time to ſee himſelf Lord-Steward of the Houſhold, and had for that purpoſe taken a place in the *London* Waggon, in order to be carried to Court: So ſure was he of his Point. My good Mother, who loves her Kinsfolk, takes no ſmall delight in telling us of her elder Brother's conſiderable Fortune; *David Morgan* is the Man, who, after being a Foot Soldier 30 Years, has diſtinguiſh'd himſelf ſo eminently in the Service, that t'other day he was actually preferred to a Halbert, being made a Serjeant in *Sabin*'s Regiment, not without the aſpiring Hopes of a Pair of Colours, ſome time or other, before he dies, to the Honour of his Family, and the Advantage of his Wife and ſix Children, for whom he has not hitherto made any conſiderable Proviſion.

My Father moreover boaſts the Antiquity of his Houſe, and the eminent Men it has produced. He has a great Spirit; and tho' he is forced to ſtoop to get into his Cottage, yet he looks very

bit when he is there. He says, his Grandfather's great Grandfather was a wealthy Gentleman, he could count 20 Cows, 50 Head of Sheep, and several Goats, and call them ALL his own. It was once talked, that he was to have been a *Welch* Justice of the Peace, but his hard-hearted Landlord came and swept away all he had for Arrears of Rent, and utterly spoiled his Squireship. After this, the Dignity of his Family and the Greatness of his Soul not permitting him to soil his Blood with any Trade, he built him a Hovel on the side of a Ditch by the Highway, and hanging out his Besom, sold Ale and Tobacco; in this Station he liv'd in great Repute to his dying Day. He had another Ancestor, who was famous for breaking and backing of Colts, which being no Handicraft in *Law*, could not sully the Honour of his Name or Posterity. But once riding away with a young handsome Horse, that was sent to School to him, and not returning so soon as he should have done, he was apprehended and fetch'd back by force, and lodged in the County-Goal among other *mean-born* Thieves; which he resented highly. At the Assizes he had his Tryal; and tho' he stood greatly upon his Honour, and enumerated his famous Ancestors to the Court; yet the Judge and Jury did not use him at all like a *Gentleman*, he suffered the Law like any other *base-born* Felon. He died bravely, and left behind him, at the Gallows, excellent Advice to his Family, strictly ordering and recommending that *none of his Children should be put Prentices*; which dying Words of his were piously and faithfully obeyed; for they dutifully starved three parts of the Year, and one part of it they strolled about *England* for Harvest-work. A third Relation of his, whose Memory he honours highly, kept an Alehouse near St. *David's*, in a Parish of which he was Parson. No Man in that Country sold better Ale, or preached better Sermons, or play'd a Jig better than this our Reverend Kinsman; his Name and Reputation

putation are ſtill dear to us; he left my Father his beſt Crowd.

Thus much of my Family. Now for myſelf. My Mother having nurſed a Child for a Gentlewoman in the Neighbourhood, the ſaid Child being about my own Age, took a great Liking to me, and never cared to be from me; and ſo when he was taken Home to his Father's, I was taken Home with him, and there learned to read and write; an Accompliſhment unknown in our Family in the Memory of Man, except in the Inſtance of the Parſon juſt now cited! I alſo learned *Latin*, and *Greek*, and *French*, of all which Languages even our ſaid Couſin was utterly ignorant, tho' he was reckon'd a judicious Explainer of hard Texts.

The Gentleman's Steward, who was an eminent Attorney in the Neighbourhood, would now have gladly taken me for a Clerk, and the Gentleman himſelf would have given a Sum of Money with me. But my indulgent Parents hearing of the great Diſhonour intended to their Family, by binding their Son in Indentures, came in great Wrath and fetched me away. They told me, 'That it would have been better for me, and 'more for my Honour, never to have learned a 'Letter, and remained in the laudable and hereditary Ignorance of the Family, than to be bound 'to any Man living: That I might do any Thing 'elſe, with all their Hearts, provided I did not 'break them by going Prentice; that I might keep 'Goats, or help to drive Cattle over the *Severn*; 'or go over into *England* a Mowing Graſs, or 'cutting down Corn, with other *Welſh Gentlemen*, my Kinſmen and Neighbours: But to go 'Prentice! ——. Here my Mother cried bitterly, and tore her Hair: But, my Father bid her comfort herſelf, *for ſplutter a Nails! Hur Son ſhould never co Prentice, he ſhould peg her Pread firſt.* This pacify'd my Mother, and made her Heart eaſy.

I lived

I lived miſerably at Home for about a Fortnight; ſometimes I went a Fiſhing for Victuals, and ſometimes gathering Heath for Fewel; at laſt, Heaven be praiſed, I was relieved, and yet the Honour of my Family ſaved. My young Maſter was going to the Univerſity, and God inſpired his Father to ſend me along with him. I went thither full of the *Church* and the *Martyr*, and of the Importance, Learning and Sanctity of *Oxford*. In Conſequence of theſe Prepoſſeſſions, I came freely, and blindly, and implouſly, into all their Notions and their Healths, and their Cant, and thought them all hallowed. I did as the reſt did, and drank down vaſt Quantities of Ale and Sedition.

I lived in this Manner for Two Years, and then, getting aquainted with a ſenſible Fellow, of the *Conſtitution Club*, he lent me, and perſwaded me to read, *Locke upon Human Underſtanding*, and *upon Government*, with his *Letters concerning Toleration*. The ſtrong Reaſon, and invincible Truth, which run thro' theſe Books, made ſuch ſtrange and ſudden Impreſſion upon me, that I became like One awakened out of a ridiculous and turbulent Dream, into the Exercise of his Senſe and Underſtanding; I grew, all of a ſudden, ſober and ſtudious, which rendered me preſently ſuſpected to the Univerſity of ill Principles; beſides, the above-mentioned Books were found in my Room, which confirmed me an Apoſtate from the Principles of the Place. The firſt Opportunity was therefore taken to expel me; which I ſoon gave them, by erecting a Bonfire on King *George*'s Birth-Day, and drinking his Health to One of the Fellows of St. *John*'s *College*.

NUMB. II.

The Account of the Author continu'd.

HAVING, by my Loyalty, and Sobriety, and *pernicious Reaſon*, ſcandalized the Univerſity, and merited Expulſion from thence; I was hard put to it how to diſpoſe of myſelf: I had not enough of any popular Science, to live by it; and I was ſo well qualified for Holy Orders, that I deſpaired of ever obtaining them. I was *Moral*, and had the Reputation of a *Scholar*: But I had been with *Reaſon*, and was notoriouſly well-affected to Human Underſtanding, and the preſent Government; for which grievous Errors, and damnable Crimes, I had the Brand of the Univerſity put upon me. My Friend, the Squire's Eldeſt Son, took Part with the College againſt me, and continued true to *Oxford* and *Oxford-Ale*, which is the Study he delights in, and is encouraged in. He is taught that, what ſignifies Learning to him, who is only to be Knight of the Shire, and a Member of *Parliament*? And with this Inſtruction he is extremely well ſatisfied. For, we muſt know that tho' it is neceſſary for any *vulgar Cub*, who is to be a *little Country Curate*, or *School-Maſter*, to have his Head perplexed with Logick enough to improve his Want of Senſe, and make him Impertinent, or, in other Words, to qualify him for taking Orders; yet any Kind of Learning eſpecially of uſeful Learning, is thought at *Oxford* unſuitable to a Gentleman, who is only to be one of the Keepers of the Liberties of his Country, and one of the Makers of its Laws. And it is very true, that the *Pedantry* which paſſes there for Learning would ſpoil any *Gentleman*, and entitle him to *another Name*. And for that ſound and *generous Learning*, which enlarges the Heart and the Faculties, and improves Human Reaſon, (and what

what does not, deſerves not the Name of Learning) it is far above the Capacity of the *preſent Profeſſors*, and utterly oppoſite to the *Genius* and *Politicks* of the Place.

In this Perplexity and Straitneſs of my Affairs, I ſtraggled up to this Town, thinking it every whit as comfortable to ſtarve in *London, like a Scholar*, as in my own Country, *like a Gentleman*; tho' perhaps it might not appear quite ſo *Honourable* to the high Spirits of my *Ancient Nation* and *Family*.

When I arrived at my Inn, I ſaw a thin pale Spectre of a Man walking in the Yard, as if he wanted ſomething, and yet had nothing to do. Being curious who this *Human Phantome* might be, I was told he was a Bookſeller in *F. S* who, every Day that the Coach or Wagon came in, hawked at the Inn for *Oxford Scholars*, as Fiſh-Mongers do at *Billinſgate* for a Mackrel-Boat.

Before my Informer had done ſpeaking, this *Living Ghoſt*, who, it ſeems, haunts moſt of the Garrets in *Grub-ſtreet*, clapped his Glaſs to his Eye, and drawing up the dry Skin of his Face into a hideous Form, fell a kenning me for ſome Time, and then approached me. He told me, that having a particular Veneration for the Univerſity, he was proud of being acquainted with every Gentleman that came from thence, and that he preſumed I came from *Oxford*. I told him I did; *Sir*, ſays he, *I Honour that Learned Body. There's the Seat of the* Muſes! *there's the Fountain of Learning! Sir, I Honour the Univerſity.* Here I told him that he muſt then Honour me very much, for that ſhe had expelled me—*How, Sir, Expelled you, Sir!* quoth the Ghoſt; *I am not, Sir, at all amazed at it! juſt ſo ſhe ſerves every Ingenious Man! I know* Oxford *very well,* (here he damned it.) *Sir, will you accept of a Pint of Wine? I Honour you for your Misfortune* ——*pray, dear Sir, let me welcome you to Town with a Glaſs of Wine.*

I wondred at the Aſpect and Behaviour of the Man; but ſubmitted, like a Well-bred Perſon, to his Courteſy. While we were over our Liquor, he railed at the Univerſity with great Fluency and Bitterneſs of Words, out of a pure Zeal to me, for whom his Kindneſs encreaſed every Moment; he preſently knew me better than I did, and obliged me with a very pretty Character of myſelf. He made it plain to me, that I had *fine Genius*, and a *World of Merit*; he added, that the Town was quite deſtitute of Wits and good Writers; and oh! how glibly it would ſwallow any *Satyr* or *Lampoon*, or any *Caſe of Bawdy and Divorce*, or any *Life and Writings* of ſome Body or other; or any *Narrative about Witches*, or any *Tranſlation*, or any *Second Part*, or any good *Imitation*, or any *Laſt Will and Teſtament*; ſays he, *I don't doubt but you have ſome good Things by you*; and invited me to Dine with him next Day.

When I came to his Houſe, he made a ſhift to know me preſently, with the Aſſiſtance of his *Third Eye*; he told me, that *my Lord* ſuch a One deſired to ſee me, (now thought I my Fortune is made) *But*, quoth he, *I wiſh I had ſomething of your's to ſhew his Lordſhip: It will increaſe the good Impreſſions I have given him of you.* Here, tranſported as I was, I lugged out a Pocket full of Lucubrations, and preſented them with a *thankful Heart*, and a genteel *Univerſity Scrape*, to my kind Friend the Ghoſt.

Next Time I ſaw him, *my Lord* had peruſed my *Poems* with infinite Delight; nay, his Lordſhip preſented his Humble ſervice to me, and begged of all Things in the World they might be printed. At theſe Words, I was afraid my Heart would have skip'd out of its Skin: I readily felt myſelf rolling about in my Chariot. With my *moſt Humble Duty* to his Lordſhip, I conſented, and inſtantly I was *in Print*. My loving Friend, the Ghoſt, adviſed me to defer my Viſit to his Lordſhip, till I could preſent him with One of my Books. Here again I was all Submiſſion The

The Book came out, but ſtill *my Lord* was ſick, or out of Town, or to be married, and I was to wait upon his Lordſhip *next Week* for half a Year together; during which time I and my Landlord (for I was now at Bed and Board with the Ghoſt) writ ſeveral other *Books*, and *Anſwers* to thoſe *Books*, and *Replies* to thoſe *Anſwers*, and *Confutations* of thoſe *Replies*, and ſo forth; for all which I had ſeveral half Crowns of him at ſeveral times, and he had ſeveral Notes of me for the ſame; for it ſo always happened, that he never got a Farthing by any thing of mine, tho' it came to a fourth Edition, and tho' he was eternally and ſinfully tempting me to defile more Paper.

In the end, out of Tenderneſs to me, he put on a ſtrenuous Reſolution to know of *my Lord*, when, *preciſely*, he would be waited on; and for that purpoſe one Evening he went out, and I went after him; I dogged him into a Tavern in the *Strand*, and out of it again, and ſo Home. I was grieved to ſee myſelf ſo deceived and abuſed.

——— Next Morning he came to my Bed-ſide, with twenty Compliments and Petitions for Pardon from *my Lord*, who invited me to dine with him that Day ſennight, which never came.

Having made this Diſcovery, I began to doubt whether he was at all known to my Lord; and to be fully ſatisfied, I went one Morning to his Lordſhip's Houſe, when the Ghoſt ſaid he would be there, and asked the Porter if Mr. ——— was there, naming the Ghoſt? Sir, ſays he, *I know no ſuch Man.* I beg'd him to know of my Lord, whether he had been with him that Morning? The civil Porter did ſo, and brought me back word that my Lord ſwore a great Oath, and ask'd what Buſineſs he ſhould have with that R——? Why, ſays his Lordſhip, *By ——— I ſhould not know the Raſcal's Face if I met him in the Street.*

Inſtantly I returned Home; and having put up my Books, my Linnen, and *all* my other Moveables, in a Sheet of whited-brown Paper, I de-

ſcended from my fourth Story at the Ghoſt's, and left him, and his Houſe, with a true *Welch* Heart, full of Ire and Reſentment, not at all abated by empty Pockets. I have now taken a Room only up three pair of Stairs backwards, at a Printer's in *Little-Britain*, where I hope to thrive better; and therefore, O indulgent Reader, encourage this *Journal*, which, if it proſpers, ſo ſhall I alſo proſper.

N. B. The Ghoſt, who, beſides his other Trade, is alſo a Clap-Doctor, would fain have initiated me in the Myſteries of *Drury-Lane*, in order to get off a few of his Pocky-Packets; but tho' he tempted me with all his Might, and offered me ſeveral Miſtreſſes of *Men of Quality*, yet I obſtinately perſiſted in my Health, and was never his Cuſtomer.

P. S. The Ghoſt has ſold a Book of mine, which never had but one Impreſſion, under five and twenty different Titles already, and I hear he will advertiſe it next Week with a ſix and twentieth.

NUMB. III.

IN this World we cannot poſſeſs, we cannot propoſe any thing, which is either reputable or gainful, without raiſing up to ourſelves either Competitors or Imitators: If they cannot rival us, they will ape us; and if they cannot walk our Pace, they will at leaſt limp after us. Thus, for Inſtance, one Project produces another Project; and if *Tom* invents a *Bubble*, *Jack* comes cloſe at his Heels with a *Hubble-Bubble*: If one Office inſures Houſes, another preſently ſtarts up, and takes Ships and Cargoes under its Protection. Dr *Wright* cures a Pox or Clap, *moſt* effectually, without the *leaſt* Loſs of Time, or the *leaſt* Knowledge of Friends; and beſeeches you *to beware of Counterfeits.*

ſeits. Dr. *Caſe* cures the ſame Diſtempers *more* effectually, and with *leſs* Loſs of Time, and *leſs* Knowledge of Friends; and prays you to *remember your Old Friend.* There is a famous Powder to whiten black Teeth; and there is an incomparable Waſh to beautify ugly Faces; and neither of them is ever known to fail. There are certain Remedies, which *infallibly, and at once taking,* cure all Diſtempers in ſpite of *Death:* And there are other different Remedies, which do the ſame thing, in defiance of the Bills of Mortality. And thus, in the ſame manner, one good Story in Converſation produces ten bad ones; and one witty Jeſt gives birth to a dozen ſtupid Puns.

It is juſt ſo with Writers, eſpecially with weekly or daily Writers: One Author lives upon the Invention of another; and one Paper engenders another. Thus the *plain Evening-Poſt* begot the *St. James's Evening-Poſt*, which begot the *Whitehall Evening-Poſt*, which will beget the *Kenſington Evening-Poſt*, which will beget the *Hampton-Court Evening-Poſt*, which will beget, *&c.* And thus the *Poſt-Boy* and *Flying-Poſt* are *n'own* Brothers, as ill as they uſed to agree; and the *Poſt-Boy*, who is but a Lad, begot the *Poſt-Man*, who is an ancient and able Politician, of deep Gravity and Beard. The *Daily-Poſt* is the eldeſt Son of the *Daily-Curant*, who may probably one of theſe days have alſo a Grandſon.

How the Pedigree of our many Journals ſtands, and how near they are related to each other, and what ſort of Blood runs in their Veins, I am not yet thoroughly inform'd. If they are all one Man's Children, God help him; he has a numerous Fireſide of ſquabbling Brats, who are ſo far from the bleſſed *Unity of Brethren*, that they are eternally pulling the Bread out of one another's Mouths. They have not indeed all the ſame Succeſs in this their mutual Contention, *which ſhall have moſt.* It muſt be owned, that Mr. *M ſt* runs away with an elder Brother's Share of the Fortune and Stupidity

pidity of the Family. However, I can forgive this my avowed *Senior* any thing but his rebellious Attempts to be witty. Nature and Fate are against him. A Frog can never learn to crack Nuts, nor a Snail to fly; he ſhall lie and retract, abuſe and ask Pardon, be factious and ſubmiſſive; theſe Things he ſhall do and undo with his *uſual Honour*, and with Impunity from his Readers; But, for Heaven's ſake, and in Mercy to his own unoffending Head, let not the poor Man be doing Violence to common Senſe, and turning our Stomachs, with his nauſeous *Induſtry* to be ſatyrical. The Man has really Praiſe-worthy Qualities, would he but be content with them: He can cook up the Story of a Highway-man very tolerably: He can cry *Fanatick* with a faſhionable Bitterneſs, and a very becoming Grin: He can pen a *Laſt Dying-Speech* wondrous prettily: The Praiſes of the Univerſities come very properly out of *his* Mouth: He is a moſt inoffenſive Lampooner, and no Body takes Ill from him his harmleſs Abuſe of the Whigs: He has a happy Talent at alarming the Regions of *Grub-ſtreet* with a *bloody Murder* or a *bloody Battle*. Now, would any diſcreet Man, who is the unenvied Owner of all theſe uſeful Abilities, take Pains to ſhew his want of Senſe, by a vain and laborious Purſuit of Wit? A Monkey, in Imitation of his Maſter, may lather his Chaps with Water and Waſhball, but tho' he ſweat and ſcrub while Doomſday, he cannot mend his Phiz, or brighten his Skin. *Juſt ſo*, &c.

There are, beſide Mr. *Miſt*, divers other worthy Journaliſts, all ſtruggling for Preheminence one with another. Some ſeek Fame by the Means of Infamy, and purchaſe Reputation to themſelves by throwing Filth and Scandal upon others: *A Method full of Humanity and Renown!* Some court Credit from the Freſhneſs of their Intelligence; and for that purpoſe laudably haſh on *Saturday* the *cold News* of all the Week; which, after ſix days Proſtitution and thumbing, muſt needs

be

be savoury, fresh and inviting to all their loving Customers.

Some purchase Praise by their true and faithful Relations of strange and wonderful Adventures, which have not yet happened: And some strive to catch our Hearts and our Half-pence by Tartness and Waggery; which being by the poor willing Creatures *sincerely meant*, it is but charitable and neighbourly in us to *take the Will for the Deed*, as the Saying is. In all these Arts Mr. *Mist* bears the Van.

There are those, who endeavour to shine by being the loud and forward Champions of a Party; and have provided themselves for that End with *two Columns of Names*, one in a *Black Letter*, and another in a *White*; which different Colours denote the Love and Hatred of these accomplish'd Penmen. Thus, Mr. *Mist* has his White Column filled with his *Ormond*, his *Mar*, his *Czar of Muscovy*, his *blessed Martyr*, and his *Charity Schools*: Then for his Black List, he has furnished himself with *Oliver Cromwel*, with *Republicans*, with *Whigs*, with *Edmund Curl*, and *George Ridpath*. With a dexterous Application of these Names, he makes himself frightful and roguish, just as the dangerous Creature is in the Humour.

Now, in Imitation of all these illustrious Examples and Instances of Noble Pride, this Journal has its Ambition also, and will endeavour to recommend itself to publick Favour, by Methods as popular, tho' not so low and mischievous, as the above-mention'd. *Courteous Reader*, thou shalt have good Intelligence, fresh and fashionable, from every Quarter of the Globe, before it is blown upon by other Pens; and for thy Entertainment, we will not only break open the Cabinets of Princes, and lug out their Secrets whether they will or no; but thou shalt have vast variety of Deaths and Dangers; Things in which we know *thy Soul delights!* Then thou shalt know

with

with all Speed who has got a *Poſt*, and who a *Chain*; that is, who is *married*, and who *preferred*. Moreover, we will lead thee about to every Feaſt in the City, and to every Ball at *St. James's*. Thou ſhalt be told who goes to *New-Market*, who to the *Mint*, and who to *Tyburn*: Who is in Love, and who is drowned: Who gets an Eſtate in the *Alley*, and is afterward *Knighted* or *Larded*: and who picks a Pocket, and is afterward whipped or hanged. Who has diſintereſtedly changed his Party, and got a Place; and who has loſt his Poſt, and thereupon *conſcientiouſly* changed his Principles: With many other important Secrets of a publick Nature.

It is hoped this is a ſufficient Specimen of our great Capacity, and courteous Inclinations to pleaſe our kind Readers: But beſides all this, to ſhew our further Zeal for their Service and Entertainment, we intend to uſher in our News and Politicks with a Piece of Wit or Humour in the Front of every Paper; which (it is preſumed) will (like a Glaſs of *Rheniſh* before Dinner) diſpoſe them to enter with greater Chearfulneſs upon our Weekly Diſplay of the Publick Intereſt of *Chriſtendom*, and the humble Concerns of private Life; both which are become the indiſpenſible Province of us *Three-halfpenny Stateſmen*. And therefore

I *Owen ap Williams*, Shentleman of *Wales*, Scholar of the famous *Cadwallader Green-Leek* of *St. David's*, and Maſter of the Noble Science of the Quill, do hereby invite the renowned Mr. *Nathan. Miſt* of *Carter-Lane*, News-Broker, and a Pretender to the ſaid Noble Science, to meet me in Print, and exerciſe at the following Weapons, *viz.*

Wit.	*Good Language.*
Wit and *Humour.*	*Loyalty.*
Wit and *Truth.*	*Loyalty* and *Conſcience.*
Truth and *Honeſty.*	*Humanity.*
Truth and *Senſe.*	*Good Breeding.*

And

And the other uſual Weapons, deſiring *Common Senſe* and no *Favour*.

It may perhaps look unfair in me, and even ſomething Cowardly, to Challenge a Man to Fight me with Weapons in which he is utterly unskilled. But to this I anſwer; let him reſign inſtantly his Pretenſions to them, and I do, by theſe Preſents, reſume my Challenge: But, if he ever afterwards pretends temerariouſly to Weild any of the ſaid Weapons, it is the firm Purpoſe of my Haughty and Reſentful Heart, to ſtrip him to the Skin, and (like a Chicken diſpoſed of its Feathers) expoſe him to the Scorn and Deriſion of Prentices, Link-Boys and Old Women, his Beſt Cuſtomers, and Greateſt Admirers!

Witneſs my Hand this 14th Day of *May*, 1720.

OWEN AP WILLIAMS.

NUMB. IV.

To the Author of the London Journal.

THE World has often been ruled by Men, who were themſelves ruled by the worſt Qualities, and moſt ſordid Views. *The Prince*, ſays a great *French* Politician, *governs the People, and Intereſt governs the Prince!*

The Manner by which Men climb to Greatneſs, makes no Difference in the Reſpect paid them by the People: A King, who makes his Way to a Throne by the Means of Blood and Treachery, meets with the ſame Incenſe which is preſented to the Virtuous Monarch, who comes to Empire honeſtly by Choice, or quietly by Deſcent; and a Miniſter, who gets his Staff by Sycophancy, and keeps it by Lies and Oppreſſion, is not leſs ador'd, than the Stateſman who owes his Exaltation to great Abilities and pure Merit.

Hence it comes to paſs, that few Men care how they riſe in the World, ſo they do but riſe: They know that Succeſs expiates all Rogueries, and never miſſes Reverence; and that he, who was called Villain, or Murderer in the Race, is often chriſtened *SAINT* or *HERO* at the Goal. The preſent Poſſeſſion of Money or Power, is always a ready Patent for Reſpect and Submiſſion. He that gets a Hundred Thouſand Pounds by a Bubble, that is, by ſelling a Bag of Wind to his credulous Countrymen, is a greater Idol in every Coffee-Houſe in Town, than he who is worth but Ninety Thouſand, tho' acquired by honeſt Trading or ingenious Arts, which profit Mankind, and bring Credit to his Country: And thus every *South-Sea* Cub, ſhall, by the ſole Merit of his *MILLION*, vie for Reſpect and Followers with any Lord in the Land, tho' it ſhould ſtrangely happen, as it ſometimes does, that his Lordſhip's Virtues and Parts ennoble his Title and Quality. It matters not, whether your Father was a Tinker, and you his worthy Son a *Broker* or a *Sharper*, provided you be but a *South-Sea Man*; if you are but that, the whole Earth is your humble Servant.

The Behaviour therefore of Mankind having ſhewn, that they think Money the *CHIEF GOOD*, it is no wonder that Pride follows Riches, and that he who bears a heavy Purſe, bears likewiſe a ſtately Brow; when he ſees all Men adore him, it is very natural for him to adore himſelf, and to exalt his own Head in Proportion, as others debaſe theirs.

At preſent, nothing further is neceſſary towards getting an Eſtate, that is, Merit and Reſpect, than a little Money, much Roguery, and many Lies. With what Indignation have I beheld a Peer of the Realm, courting the good Graces of a little Haberdaſher with great Caſh, and begging a few Shares in a Bubble which the honourable *Goodman Bever* had juſt then invented to cheat his Fellow-Citizens.

But

But exalted Boobies being below Satyr, I ſhall here only conſider a little the Miſchiefs brought upon the Publick by the Projects which bring them their Wealth. It is melancholly to conſider that Power follows Property, when we conſider at the ſame Time into what vile Hands that Property is fallen, and by what vile Means, even by Bubbles and direct Cheating.

Of our Second-hand Bubbles I blame not one more than another, their Name ſhews their Nature. The GREAT BUBBLE of All ſet them an Example, and began firſt. By it immenſe Fortunes have been got to particular Men, moſt of them obſcure and unheard of; happy for their own Characters, and for the Nation's Trade, if they had ſtill remained ſo. I hope our All is not yet at the Mercy of Sharpers; ignorant, mercenary Sharpers: but I ſhould be glad to ſee it prov'd that it will not be ſo. Are we a Trading Nation? Where is our Trade? Conſult the Books of Export; number the Ships that go laden out of the River, and the Stagnation and Ruin of Trade will ſtand confeſſed. There's one Comfort remaining to the City of *London*, from the miſerable Loſs of that Trade, which rendred that City ſo long the Mark and Envy of Nations; in Caſe of a great Froſt, our Ships will make as good Fires as *Newcaſtle* Coals.

Do our People and our Poor ſubſiſt by Manufacture? Where is our Manufacture? Even at almoſt an utter Stand; while a few are getting Millions here in Town, many want Work and Bread in all the Trading Towns thro' the Nation; and perſonal Proſperity is built upon the Ruins of the Publick. I ſhall trouble you further upon this Subject in my next; and am,

SIR, Your's, &c.

NUMB. V.

To the Author of the London-Journal.

SIR,

EVERY *Religion* which refuſes to tolerate other *Religions*, charges itſelf, by ſo doing, with *Tyranny* and *Impoſture*; for no *Religion* can be *true* that is not *merciful*, nor *merciful* if it puniſhes Men for their *Faith*.

There are but few *Societies*, that look with a kind Eye upon each other; even where they have not, for their Baſis or Chief End, the Acquiſition and Preſervation of Riches and Dominion, which are the moſt jealous Things in Nature, as they are the hardeſt to come at. They will be piquing themſelves upon point of Reputation, and ſome will be ſtriving to appear great, by repreſenting others as little: All *Clubs*, whether they be *Worldly* or *Ghoſtly*, have their *Rival Clubs*; and their Love of themſelves makes them hate one another, tho' it muſt be owned that your *Holy Clubs* have been ever the moſt Bitter and Bloody of all others.

But it has ſo happen'd, that at preſent a great Share of our Zeal and Violence for the *Church*, is changed into a Zeal for the Stocks; and the Reaſon is plain, there is now a-days more to be got by the *Alley* than the *Altar*; ſo that whenever you hear a Sermon, extorted out of the Goſpel, againſt the *South-Sea*, you may ſwear the *Parſon* has got nothing there.

But to return to my Diſcourſe upon *Clubs*: If we would preſerve all the diſtinct Societies in the Common-wealth, whether they be for *Speculations* and *Myſteries*, or for *Trade*, or for *Phyſick*, or for *Arts* and *Sciences*: I ſay, if we would preſerve them ſafe, and independent of each other, we muſt not endow one with Privileges deſtructive of all

the

the reſt. In the Buſineſs of *Companies* and *Stock-Jobbing*, for Example, if you do not keep an equal Hand, your Partiality will infallibly beget *Perſecution* on one Hand, and *Oppreſſion* on the other; *Intereſt* teaches all Men *Zeal*, *Stock-Jobbers* as well as *Churchmen*; and that *Zeal*, if you put a Knife in its Hand, will be ſporting with Miſery, and dabbling in Blood.

All Men, as I humbly conceive, have an equal Right to *cheat* the Publick, tho' every Man, if you would let him, would keep the whole Advantage of Cheating it to himſelf: It is nothing to the Nation, whether it be bubbled by the *North* or the *South*; but it is of much Importance to Mr. *South*, and Mr. *North*, which of them ſhall be the happy Man, and the *privileged Bubbler*. If the People will be buying Bags of Wind at a great Price, it matters not a Farthing, who is the Seller, provided that to make the Market more plauſible, he has got a *Licenſed Bag*; one Man's blown Bladder is as good as another's, and they are only Arts and great Names that makes the Difference.

We have at preſent, in this Land, a great Number of *Wind-Sellers*, who are daily forming themſelves into Societies, and taking in Subſcriptions for improving and carrying on the Trade and Myſtery of *Wind*: This *Wind* is of ſeveral *Climates*, according to the ſeveral Fancies or Gueſſes of the *Projectors*. Some have choſen for their Portion a large Region of Wind beyond Sea, toward the South of *America*, and they have talk'd many Years of ſending thither great Numbers of Ships for the Company, on this profitable and *ſubſtantial* Trade; but the Voyage is ſo long, that tho' the Lading be *exceeding light*, yet I do not find that any of the ſaid Ships have yet arrived in our River, or perhaps they have not got out of it. Others go *Northward* for their Wind to *Germany*, *Greenland*, or the *Orcades*, where there is Store of *rare bleak Winds*, at *reaſonable Rates*: Others again, who love a warmer Sun, have invented

their

their Wind in certain *American Islands*, and these last boast that their Wind is the most gainful Wind of all.

Now all these worthy Gentlemen agree in this, they sell their Wind before it is caught; *for*, say they, we cannot *Purchase* nor *Manufacture* our *Wind, without some ready Money*; and so they sell you a swinging Parcel of *wild Wind* for a small Price, and you are to be put in Possession of it, as soon as 'tis *caught* and *tamed*.

Now all these *fair Dealers* were going on and getting their Thousands by their said Trades, till a certain great *Wind Company* in Town, who wou'd engross the whole Commodity to themselves, took a cruel Resolution to crush these their Brethern and Rivals: In order to this, they did not pretend, that their Wind was a Bit better than any other Wind in the Alley: No, their Consciences would not let them go that length; so they only alledged, that their *Bags* were *Stamp'd Bags*, and their *Wind* was *Excis'd Wind*; whereas, said they, all the other Corporations of *Wind-Merchants* are no better than *Smuglers*. This Plea was allow'd to be good by the *Bench*, (*for the Thing was try'd at a Quarter Sessions*) and so the Sale of all other Wind was strictly prohibited.

Here then is the Beginning of the *Persecution* in the *Alley*. The *Establish'd Jobbers* have pronounced all that Jobb upon *private Judgment*, Interlopers and *Fanaticks*, and called upon the *Secular Arm* to crush them, *else*, say they, *this our Craft* and our *Wind will be set at nought*; and hereupon they all cried with one Accord, *Great is the* SOUTH WIND.

The *Dissenting Bubbles*, being all thus doom'd *Schismaticks*, are in a gasping Condition, expostulating and complaining, that in a free Country, and a projecting Age, all the ingenious *Refiners* and *Sellers* of *Wind* are not equally *tolerated*.

Say they, very *judiciously*, and very *truly*, *We are all agreed in FUNDAMENTALS*, namely,

in

in raiſing Millions out of Nothing, and in ſacrificing all other Trade and Manufactures to the Trade and Myſtery of WIND; and yet we are perſecuted by Men who deal in nothing elſe but WIND. I am, Sir, &c.

NUMB. VI.

To the Author of the London Journal.

SIR,

I Muſt beg you, for the Benefit of the preſent Age, as well as for the Advantage of Poſterity, to allow me a little more Converſation with you, about the unhappy Circumſtances of my Countrymen, who are engag'd in the great Affairs of *Exchange-Alley:* How eaſily are Men bewitch'd into *Ruin* and *Miſery!* The Stocks continue falling, and many thouſands are, by the Hopes of *exceſſive Gain*, reduced to *abſolute Beggary. High Expectations* and *great Plenty* are ſucceeded by *general Diffidence, prevailing Fears, Bankruptcy* and *Poverty.*

It is diſmal and mournful to behold the melancholly deſponding Looks which one every where meets with, both in the Center and Suburbs of the City. The Diſtraction, Apprehenſions, and Deſolation that at preſent reign in the Hearts and Circumſtances of the People, are indeed almoſt univerſal; all Ranks of Men ſuffer. It is however to be obſerved, that many of thoſe who ſo largely contributed to undo Trade and Manufacture, are themſelves undone by the Stocks. Men have, as it were, madly clubbed to deſtroy their Country, and themſelves; nor does this their own woful Fate excuſe or extenuate their Fault. Their own Miſery is the Effect of their Blindneſs: but the Publick is not hurt thro' Ignorance. The Over-

throw

throw of Trade, and the Diſcouragement of Induſtry, are Crimes which they have committed with their Eyes open.

People have almoſt ventur'd without a Chance for getting; they had a hundred to one againſt them: Their principal Dependance in many Caſes were placed upon the Faith and Honeſty of a Knot of Knaves; who, being under no Reſtraint, but the fear of hanging, are not under any Reſtraint at all, while they have ſo many Thouſands in their Pockets: Alas, if a Traytor has but Money enough, what room has he to fear an Ax or a Halter! I could give Inſtances, but I ſpare the preſent Generation.

I was yeſterday in the *Alley*, that infamous Spot of Earth, where a few Miſcreants thrive at the Expence of their Country, and Treachery preys upon Credulity: There I was ſhewn an unhappy Man (*amongſt many others*) with this Account of him: He had a good Eſtate in the Country, which brought him in a plentiful Income of 1500 *l.* a Year; but this did not ſatisfy him; he wanted to be worth a Million, and his Wife to be a Dutcheſs, it cut the Hearts both of him and her to behold *little prim, prick-ear'd Citizens* wallowing in Luxury, and boaſting their *hundred thouſands*, while they themſelves, who were People of Breeding, and had never ſtood behind Compters, were forced to ſit down with their original Fortune, which only afforded them *enough:* He therefore turned his whole Eſtate into Money, and brought his whole Money into the *Alley*; and behold the Effect! Two Months ago he had 45000 *l.* but it's now all gone, and 10000 *l.* into the Bargain; and all the miſerable Man has left is, *a Wife and ſeven Children.*

Stock-jobbing is the accurſed Art of preying upon one another, and of *cheating* and being *cheated* by Conſent. One cannot *get* in this abominable Myſtery, what another does not *loſe*; and a Bargain ſtruck between two Stock-jobbers, is only a

Trial

Trial of Skill, which of them two ſhall prove the luckier Knave: But whoever gets, the Nation certainly loſes; and all Ranks of Men engaged, run into real Expence and Luxury, without real Wealth; and the Kingdom becomes moſt prodigal, when it is moſt decaying; which is alſo the Sign and Behaviour of particular Bankrupts, when they are firſt becoming ſuch.

This Nation cannot, nor never did thrive, but by Induſtry and Trading, *both of which are much at a ſtand for the preſent*, by the ingenuous and publick-ſpirited Management of Stock-jobbers, and of thoſe who abet them for the ſake of going Snacks. A potent Body of Men! And yet in ſpight of both, the Credit of Jobbing ſeems expiring, and the People, at laſt, ſeem appriz'd of a mercileſs Conſpiracy, to deceive and plunder a free, believing Nation, to enrich a vile Tribe of Stock-jobbers. *Thank God*, they want the arbitrary Engines of *France* to ſupport Projects borrowed from *France*: We are yet free; and I am told that *Jack Ketch* has very powerful and very plauſible Hopes of making his Fortune this Winter, and of ſtripping thoſe who would ſtrip the Kingdom. I muſt own, it would be very natural, and not unpleaſing to one poſſeſſed with the honeſt Principles of Liberty and Juſtice, to ſee the *Spoilers* of a free People *ſpoiled* by the Hangman.

I am, &c.

NUMB. VII.

To the Author of the London Journal.

SIR,

THE greateſt *Empires*, and the mightieſt *Stock-jobbers*, have frequently riſen from ſmall Beginnings. The Kingdom of *Macedon* was but a deſpicable Kingdom, till *Philip* and *Alexander*

came to be *Directors* of it; nor were Sir ——, and Sir ——, at present two potent Emperors, of a more Noble Original than the Kingdom of *Macedon*; tho' they are, in this our Day, Names of much greater Importance, than those of *Alexander* the Great, and his Father *Philip*: Nay, it is confidently asserted by some considerable Antiquaries, that none of the *Roman Emperors*, tho' often basely born, nor any of the *Heathen Gods*, however dishonestly begot, could boast an humbler Beginning than our great *Sir J—— n, the famous Heathen God, and Cobler of Stocks*, who from an humble Stall, the inglorious Scene of his Infancy, by *Figures* and *Conjuring*, brought a whole People to *enrich* and *adore* him, at the Expence of their *Estates*, and their Senses.

But as it happened to *Cæsar*, *Alexander*, and several other of the principal *Directors* and *Disturbers* of the Affairs of Mankind, that they have been often snatched away by uncourteous and disasterous Destiny, and their Estates have suffered amazing Revolutions; even so it is justly apprehended that many, alas! too many of our *Dictators in Stock*, and *absolute Monarchs* of the *Alley*, will fall, or rather rise, by the *basest Blow of Fate*. This considerable Comfort will, however, attend them, that they will die *nearer Heaven* than ever they liv'd, or ever they will live after they are dead; for it is written, *that the Spirit of a Beast goeth downward*.

There are already several mournful Presages of their approaching Doom, and their *evil Genius* does already haunt them. Where-ever they go, they are pursued by the *Mob* and the *Ravens*, the former hoot them on every side, and the latter croak over their Heads; at the Name of *De Wit* they tremble, and at the Name of *Jack Ketch* they wax pale. The sight of *Timber* puts them into Agonies; and when they enter into a Door, they shut fast their Eyes, from the dread of beholding a *Post*: A *dry Salter* is their Aversion,

for

for lo! he dealeth in *Hemp*, and they ſweat at the ſight of a *Seſſions Paper*. If a Man, having Buſineſs with them, pats one of them upon the Shoulder, he ſtarts, looks wild, and pulls out his Purſe, *Take this Bribe, and let me run away.*

It is thought, that having *ruined* all Trade, and *ſanctified* all Knavery, they were in hopes *for filthy ſelf Ends*, to have utterly ruined Mr. *Ketch's* Trade alſo; and had their raw Empire been a little eſtabliſhed, probably they might have ſucceeded, and ſtopped the honeſt Courſe of our Gallows, as effectually as they have ſtopped the Courſe of our Navigation, and our Induſtry. But *Jack* being a diſcerning Fellow, and wiſely foreſeeing that what Men are born to, will *neceſſarily* befal them, is going to ſet up his Equipage as well as they, and hopes to maintain it more honeſtly out of their Spoils, than they do theirs out of the Spoils of a ſeduced People.

Such is the woful Plight they are in, ſuch the terrible Proſpect before them; Money will not do, a whole Nation may be *betray'd*, but a whole Nation cannot be bribed: When the People have been up, *a Million* has not been able to ſave *one Throat*.

To ſhew them that their Fate begins to operate in good earneſt, their Noſes are daily put in mind of what their Necks may ſoon expect from the Publick Juſtice. This is an unlucky Omen; for there is ſuch a ſtrict Confederacy between theſe two Members, that they ſeldom ſuffer ſeparately, and in ſome Diſeaſes, I am told, never.

Theſe Princely Jobbers feel likewiſe frequent Marks of the Peoples Favour at their *other End*, and receive *ſenſible Warnings* from their very Poſteriors. But their great and principal Monitor is the *Noſe*, which by the many *Tweaks* and *Convulſions* it feels, foretels its miſerable and ſhort Duration; and when that is gone, will the Perſecution ceaſe? Verily nay! Not ſatiated with demoliſhing the comely *Steeple* of the Face, it will

rage againſt the reſt of the Fabrick, and make Martyrs of Member after Member, till it has not left one Muſcle upon another. *Wo be to you Stock-jobbers and Traytors; you are exalted into Chariots, but you ſhall be caſt down into Carts.*

The greateſt Felicity that can, at preſent, attend a *Director* of a *Bubble*, is to have ne'er a *Noſe* at all, or to be bleſſed with a ſhort one; for then *Revenge* not meeting a ſufficient Handle in the *Front*, will naturally fall upon the *Rear*; where, tho' its Marks may prove *black* and *blue*, and very grievous to be born, yet will they remain hid, and conſequently unknown to all but thoſe who ſaw them given; whereas a *Pinch* in the *Snout* proclaim its own Infamy to all that behold it, and is Matter of *Jeer* as well as *Sorrow*.

Now, to thoſe great *Heroes* in *Stock*, who are neither bleſſed with a *ſhort Noſe*, nor ne'er a *Noſe*, I would humbly propoſe a piece of Advice: I do not pretend to adviſe them to run away from their Roguery, and do honeſtly by the Publick; *no, no ſuch Matter*: I ſhall adviſe them to nothing but what is poſſible: *Let them but ſoak their Noſes thrice a day in Oil*, and it will enable them to beguile the Gripe of the hardeſt Maſtiff in the *Alley*.

N. B. *This Receipt will not do for their Necks*, which I do not pretend to enſure. *God forbid* I ſhould have any Share in ſtopping or diſappointing the due Courſe of Juſtice.

But as Men are never *hanged* by the *Noſe*, I am only propoſing an Expedient to make it endure pulling with the more eaſe; and I hope I ſhall not for this my Ingenuity be blamed, as if I was partial to the *Noſes* of theſe *great* and *wealthy* Men, any more than I am to their Perſons. The whole Secret of my Kindneſs lies here: I hate to ſee diſfigured Faces; and if every *Directing Money Monarch*, who has play'd the Rogue, carried a Purple Noſe about him in Token thereof, I could not, without great Offence to myſelf, do my Buſineſs at the *S— S— Houſe*. But

But now, to conclude: Tho' many *Powerful Princes*, and *Almighty Stock-jobbers* have risen to be so from small, and often sudden Beginnings; and tho' the Death of the latter will, in all probability, have this in common with the Death of the former, that they will die in *perfect Health*; yet (*which is wonderful*) the World has paid a Regard to *these Princes* very different to that which it pays to *Stock-jobbers*. I never heard, that an *Imperial Knave* received a *Kick* in the *Breech*, or a *Twang* by the *Nose*; whereas it often happens, that the *Hams of our most illustrious Stock-jobbers* are, by such ugly Usage, render'd unfit to carry them; and then their *Noses* look'd as if they were *parboil'd*.

Enquiring into the Causes of this unequal Treatment of Men, who are by different Means equal *Enemies* to *Mankind*, I find them to be these two: In the first place, none of our *Clergy* have yet appear'd so abandoned, as to found *Stock-jobbing* upon *Divine Right*; and in the second place, there is scarce a *Director*, either of the *South* or the *North* Bubble, who possesses one great or good Quality, to prevent or lessen the *general Detestation* of all Mankind.

I am, Sir, *&c.*

NUMB. VIII.

EVERY Man being a considerable Person in his own Eyes, he thinks he appears, or ought to appear to others such as he appears to himself; and that his Affairs are the Affairs of Mankind. Having dreamed himself into this Importance, he modestly desires the World to suspend their Business, and hold their Ears open till he has tried them with his Tale. Instances of this in private Life would be endless. If you visit a Lady, she

entertains

entertains you with her uncommon Fancy in Dreſs, and in a Husband; or with what was ſaid to her at a Ball; or with the eminent Wit and Endowments of her little Boy, aged juſt two Months and three Days, on ſuch a Day of the Week, of all Days in the Year; or with the Number and Quality of her Acquaintance; or with her Skill in Jelly and Stomack Water. The Converſation of a Beau rolls upon much the ſame Subjects, but with more Impertinence and leſs Senſe. A Soldier gives you a whole Afternoon's Hiſtory of the Bullet in his Shoulder, or of the Life and Adventure of his late Leg: The Oaths all the while flaſh in your Face, as if he ſtill vomited the Gun-powder, which he once ſwallowed at *Namure*. The Tradeſman praiſes to you with humble Breath the Goodneſs of his Goods, and makes you a Proſe Elegy upon the much lamented Abſence of his dearly beloved Couſin, *Ready Rino*. The Stock-Jobber, becauſe the Stocks fill his Soul, will be eternally filling your Head with the Stocks. The Courtier annoys you with his endleſs and inſipid Breeding, which of all the nauſeous Things in the World, I know is the apteſt to turn a ſenſible Stomach; 'Send me, ſweet Heaven, I humbly beſeech thee, any other Companion, a *Ruſſian Bear*, a *belching Pot-bellied Alderman*, a *diſ.* 2, a *roaring barking Fox-Hunter*; any Thing, any Thing, ſweet Heaven! but the ſtupid ſolemn Solemnity, the taſtleſs Grin, and the vile, unmeaning Wire-drawn Complaiſance of an *humble* and *vouchſafing* Courtier.

All, and every of theſe above-named grievous Offenders againſt good Senſe, and the Drums of one's Ear, are ſtill more pardonable, than a certain bold Species of Sinners, whom I am about to mention. I mean thoſe Folks, who by themſelves or others write Books, of which they make themſelves, or their own Obſervations the Subject. One particular Man thinks that he has ſomething to communicate, which will oblige and edify the World,

and

and every Man in it thinks the ſame. So to it they go, and the whole Earth turn Authors; woe is me! My Heart throbs while I ſpeak it.

Now, Brother World, and Gentlemen Authors, let me tell you, this Procedure is not at all juſt. I hope I may be allowed to know ſomething of this Matter, it being my Profeſs'd Trade; and upon the beſt Computation I can make, I do not find that out of a Million of *Engliſhmen*, one can cull above Nine Hundred and Fifty Thouſand ſolid and ſtatutable Authors——Indeed if we admit, Triflers, Sonners, Conveyancers, Phyſicians, and the Army of S. M. there will not be one in the whole Million left unmark'd for the Standiſh. But leaving out theſe halting Scriblers, and enrolling on the Liſt of Authors, only ſuch as are Men of bright Genius, and deep Reading, I humbly conceive the Account will run no higher.

I have long wiſh'd that the Wiſdom of the *Two Houſes*, many of whom are themſelves famous Authors, would put us their Brother Wits under ſome Regulations. *Hackney-Coaches* and *Hackney-Chairs* are under the Inſpection of a certain Office appointed on Purpoſe; and it ſeems ſtrange that the Carriage Cattle of *Grub-ſtreet* are as yet tied down to no Limitations or Rules at all, either as to their Number, Limits or Wages; as if W E were of leſs Conſequence in a Common-wealth, than Draught Horſes and Chairmen! This touches a ſenſible Spirit like mine, I being alſo partly concern'd. A Coach Horſe, when he grows gouty, or doating, is laid aſide as diſabled, or ſuperannuate: But an Author, tho' he is ſeized with Lameneſe or the Staggers, or grows blind with hard Labour, ſcorns for all that to drop his Pen; albeit, that his Hand ſhakes, and his Mouth drivels, while he holds it: And it is certain he never will drop it, unleſs the Law takes Mercy upon him, and forces him to it——Be it therefore enacted——But I will not rob the Parliament of their juſt Power, nor foreſtal the Buſineſs and Glory of Mr. *Lowndes*.

But,

But, may ſome ſay, *theſe Grey-Headed Wits, and ſeveral green ones muſt write or ſtarve.* To this the Anſwer is ready—Let the latter be ſent to the *Plantations*, and for a *Quill* give them a *Spade*, which I engage they will handle with equal Dexterity; and as to the *Beaux Eſprits* of the decay'd Kind, let them be honoured with an *Alms-houſe*. N. B. I myſelf would willingly have a Bed and a Bit after the Town is grown tired of me, and yet I cannot promiſe them to myſelf at my own Coſt upon any failure of my Genius, which God avert! I muſt therefore, when that time comes, humbly court either the Fortunate Fate of that ſublime City Poet, Mr. *Elcanah S----le*, now reſiding in the *Charter-houſe*, or the more fortunate Fate of that ancient and memorable Songſter, Mr. *T—— D—y*, who, I am told, lets Lodgings at *Windſor*, in the Quality of a poor Knight thereof, but a happy one.

Whoever takes Pen in Hand with an ambitious Purpoſe of coming forth in Print, demands Audience of Mankind, and expects their Attention and Approbation, while he chides them, and calls them Names; for there is ſcarce a Book or Paper that comes out, but calls the World a Fool or a Raſcal to its Face, and ſets up to chaſtiſe or inſtruct it. Every Author does in effect ſpeak thus, at leaſt mean thus.

Reader, 'You are a damn'd ſilly Fellow, who knows nothing, but I have a Mind to make a Man of you; be ruled by me, and read with due Reſpect and Attention the following Books, which, as I hope to be ſaved, Will teach you more Wiſdom in half an Hour, than all the Books in the World could do ſince the beginning of it. *Sir*, there's no ſuch Book upon the Earth, if there was I would not have publiſh'd this. Alas! Alas! That Mankind ſhould live near Five Thouſand Years in deep Ignorance; and they would have lived in the ſame Ignorance Five Thouſand Years longer, had I not luckily lighted by Torch of Knowledge, and ſprung forth to illuminate the dark World. *Reader*, read, and be edified, otherwiſe I pronounce thee an impenetrable Dunce.

NUMB. IX.

To the Author of the London Journal.

SIR,

THE Philoſophers have defined Man in general to be *A Reaſoning Animal*, which with proper Reſtrictions and Explanations, may, for ought I know, be a proper Name for him. But if one was to define an *Engliſhman* in particular, eſpecially ſince the miraculous Riſe of Stocks, I do not know how it could be done better than by calling him, *A Projecting Animal*. I can foreſee no Objection to this Definition, unleſs it be, that it fits only thoſe who *catch* others, but not thoſe who are caught themſelves: But to this I anſwer, that as ſoon as the *Project* is on Foot, even thoſe who do not underſtand it, fall a projecting how to get by it, tho' it often happens that the *projecting* Gain ends in Loſs.

There is a certain Word, which was formerly of no great Reputation, but has of late gained great Credit in the City, and has, at preſent, numerous Followers, and Votaries, in *Exchange Alley*; it is, in ſhort, the moſt conſiderable, and moſt bewitching Word within the Liberties, except the Word *SOUTH-SEA*, which is *above All, and before All*, in Court, Coffee-Houſe, and Country, (God preſerve the King's Majeſty!) the Word *BUBBLE* is the Word I mean, it ſignifies ſo many Things, that it is impoſſible to deſcribe it in its full Extent; but its principal End and Meaning is to get a Million or two out of Nothing.

There are Two or Three other *Gentlemen Words*, which are of faſhionable Importance, and Rivals to Mr. *Bubble*; ſuch as *Stock*, *Project*, *Chimera*, *Bear-Skin*, and the like modern Noun Subſtantives, which cannot ſtand by themſelves. But as the Word *Bubble* carries in its Sound and Signification

the full and true meaning of all these other Words, which are only its Deputies and Representatives; so it is in higher Vogue than they are, and has the Honour to be oftner mentioned.

The Manner of a Bubble is thus. Two or Three Millions are to be raised out of a few Half-Crowns, for some great Purpose never to be executed: Suppose for catching of Red-Herrings, and other Salt Fish; or for improving the Manufacture of Raw Silk, for which we have too many Hands already; or for carrying on some impracticable Trade, without Shipping, in unknown Countries; or for making Remittances of Money from one Part of the Nation to another, which is already performed by every Shopkeeper in every Town. Now it is to be observed, that those who subscribe towards carrying on these great and gainful Undertakings, do not mean to carry them on at all, but only to sell their Shares to others; who likewise do not mean to carry them on, but only to sell the said Shares at a higher Price to new Buyers; who also do not mean to carry them on, but only to bite fresh Comers, who likewise have the same honest Aim.

I find a very good Account given of these Bubbles, in a late Pamphlet, entitled, *A Detection of the artful Schemes of the Dutch, and other foreign Lotteries, now on Foot, with occasional Remarks*, &c. in which the Author, at the End of his Book, speaks as follows.

'If only a Million be subscribed (which Term 'is so common, that we are like to lose the Use of 'the Words, *Thousands*, *Hundreds*, and other Infe- 'rior Denominations) and but one half *per Cent.* be 'called in, then the real Value of the Capital is '5000 *l.* the pretended Value, 1,000,000 *l.* and the 'fictitious Part thereof is 995,000 *l.* and if the Stock 'goes on rising 1, 2, 3, &c. *per Cent.* on the pre- 'tended Value, which will be 200, 400, 600, &c. 'per Cent. on the real Value; during this Rise 'Exit Projector to a new Scheme, and *enter Bubble*,

'till

till the Stock is in new Hands, ſuppoſe at 20 per Cent. Coſt, which is 100,000 l. to which the 5000 l. is 1 2 6. in the Pound; but then (inſtead of adding Intereſt) deduct Expence of the Subſtance in Proportion to the Rate of the Stock, and there may remain one Penny in the Pound to the laſt Proprietors, provided Care be taken not to run in Debt more than the Profits produce.

He alſo obſerves, that we have learned from the *Indian Cannibals*, the ſavage Practice of Feeding upon one another; and in Truth, there is ſcarce one that comes into theſe Bubbles, but knows that in the End, all that are deeply concern'd in them, muſt be greatly hurt, or quite ruined by them; a ſhameful inhuman Principle, to derive Profit to our ſelves knowingly, and avowedly, from the Loſs and Ruin of others.

I was extremely diverted with an Advertiſement in a News Paper about a Week ago; I have not the Paper by me, but the Advertiſement was to this Effect, 'That whereas there were Projects on 'Foot, for the Improvement of the *Britiſh Fiſhery*, 'and (ſays the Author) great Quantities of Fiſh 'they are like to take; and whereas the ſaid Pro-'jects, and the ſaid great Quantities of Fiſh were 'like greatly to inhance the Price of Butter; 'therefore in order to provide ſufficient Sauce for 'the ſaid great Quantities of Fiſh, ſeveral pub-'lick ſpirited Gentlemen intended to raiſe by Sub-'ſcription, a Sum of One or Two Millions for the 'Improvement of the Manufacture of Butter, *&c.* The Advertiſement concludes with a *N. B. That the Directors of this New Company intended to reſerve to themſelves, out of the ſaid Subſcriptions, but* 50000 *l. each.*

I do not believe there is Money enough upon the Face of the whole Earth, to anſwer all the Schemes and Projects contrived this Winter within the Precincts of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. Wiſe therefore and ſeaſonable was his Scheme, who publiſh'd Propoſals not long ſince, for diſcovering a New

Source of Gold, by making a freſh Gaſh in our Mother Earth, and tearing up Mountains for hidden Treaſure ſomewhere in the New World.

Indeed ſo Mighty and Expenſive are our modern Underſtandings, that I have long waited to ſee a Project on Foot, for removing the *Alps*, and draining the *Mediterranean* Sea. If nothing has hitherto been offer'd that Way, I preſume the Reaſon is, becauſe it has not been thought of; I therefore, who have ſtarted the Hint, do hereby make a Preſent of the ſame to *Meſſieurs Rum and Shales*, deſiring only for the Reward of my Invention, a ſmall Share of 500,000*l.* in the Subſcription for executing theſe noble Deſigns; other Advantage I deſire none, being a Philoſopher, and Contemner of Wealth, in the midſt of a *Crooked* and *Stock-Jobbing Generation*.

Amongſt ſo many Projects for Gain, I was long expecting the Broach and Publication of ſome *Moral Project* for the Encouragement and Promotion of Virtue; but I have ſince conſidered that there can be little Hopes of Profit or Succeſs from ſuch Project, and ſo I expected it no longer.

It is very odd, tho' theſe Bubbles deſtroy all Trade, and conſequently prevent any Increaſe of our Gold and Silver; yet as every one of theſe Projects is only *Imagination and Sound*, ſo at preſent *Millions and Thouſands* are as familiar in every Mouth, as were formerly *Pounds, Shillings and Pence*; in as much that it is now a common Thing to hear a Cobler boaſt of his *Thouſands* in ſome new thriving Company, tho' at the ſame time he cannot pay five Shillings for a Quarter's Rent of his Stall, or half the Sum towards his Arrears at the Ale-Houſe. To conclude theſe Thoughts upon modern Projecting; it is all *Diluſion*, all *Deſtruction*; it is nothing but *deceiving* and *being deceiv'd*; it puts an End to all honeſt Induſtry, and begets *Idleneſs, Pride, Knavery, Credulity, Neceſſity*, and *Deſpair*.

Yours, &c.

NUMB. X.

To the Author of the London Journal.

SIR,

IT is easy to propose Difficulties and Doubts, whether in Politicks, in Trade, in Science, in Law, or Religion, but it is not so easy to solve them: As a Fool may ask more Questions than Ten wise Men can answer. If I were to propose one very essential Question to the present Age, it should be, When will this Bubbling and Sharping, Tricking and Cheating one another, cease in the World? *When shall Gaming cease, and Trade return?*

A Tradesman running into Projects, seems, to me, to be like a Weaver contriving New Patterns, and running his whole Stock and Credit out upon the Venture; and, when he has done, and the Spring Trade comes in, some new Whim runs away with the Town's Fancy, or some foreign Nick-Nack becomes the Fashion, or a general Mourning comes upon him, and all his projected fine Things are baulk'd and disappointed. And what is the Consequence of it all? Nothing, *but only* the Man is ruined, and others get the Money instead of him.

I am, indeed, for encouraging Arts and needful Improvements in Trade; I am for prompting Merchants to rational and probable Adventures, and Sailors to new Discoveries: These are all Things valuable in their Nature, solid in their Design, and gloriously advantageous in their Success.

By seeking out such Adventures and Discoveries, all our Increase in Colonies and Plantations has been produc'd: 'Twas by such happy Attempts, that the famous Sir *Walter Raleigh*, and his Assistants, settled the *British* Nation upon the Northern Continent of *America*; and, had he been encourag'd, or rather, had he not been basely betray'd,

he

he had ſettled us alſo upon the Southern Continent too; and the Power of *Great-Britain*, in her Colonies and Iſlands, in that Part of the World, had been ſuperior as well in Wealth as in Extent of Land, and in Strength of People, to all the Nations of the World that ever ſettled there: and perhaps, by this Time, we had wanted no Aſſiento to carry Negroes to *America*; no Licence to trade to the Gulph of *Mexico*; but the *South-Sea* had been our own, and all the Wealth and Glory of *America* paid Homage to King *GEORGE*.

But Fate, and the ill Politicks of thoſe Times hinder'd, and the Golden Mountains of *Chili*, the Silver Mines of *Potoſi*, the Wealth of the richeſt Part of the World is ſacrificed to the Luſt and Sloth of the pooreſt and proudeſt Nation under the Sun. But this is by way of Digreſſion, Sir; my preſent Deſign leads another Way: Theſe noble Deſigns, theſe glorious Undertakings cannot be called Projects, cannot be called Bubbles; *no no*, far from it; nor, as I can find, did all our Bubble-Projectors ever propoſe one Subſcription for making Diſcoveries.

Where was the Set of Men that offer'd to ſubſcribe to a Fund of Adventurers, to ſearch out the North-Weſt Paſſages, to navigate to the Pole, and ſolve the Difficulty which all the Proficients in Geography ſpeak of, only by Conjecture, *viz.* whether *Europe* and *America* join or no, or whether the *Tartarian* Ocean is to be travers'd or no?

Have any Men, yet, ſubſcribed to a Company for diſcovering the Continents or Iſlands in the Seas, more truly call'd *South Seas*? I mean, due South of the *Cape de Bona Speranza*, or due South of the *Terra del Fuogo*. Do we think there are any Lands worth poſſeſſing, in all the vaſt Southern Tract, from 40 or 50 Degrees South, to the other Pole of the World? Why are not thoſe Parts as well worth ſearching into, as the Bottoms and Deeps of *Hudſon's* and *Davis's* Streights, or the Icy Mountains of the *Waggats* and *Nova Zembla*?

But

But the ſhort of the Story is, that our Projects are all Bubbles, and calculated for *Exchange-Alley* Diſcoveries, not for enlarging our Commerce, ſettling Colonies, and ſpreading the Dominions of our Sovereign from Pole to Pole.

Why has no bold Undertaker follow'd the glorious Sir *Walter Raleigh* up the River of *Amazon*, the *Rio Paraſo*, and the great *Oroonoque*, where Thouſands of Nations remain undiſcover'd, and where the Wealth, the Fruitfulneſs of the Soil, the Goodneſs of the Climate, and the infinite Numbers of the People, exceed all that has ever been conquer'd or diſcover'd in the *American* World?

But all is owing to the mercenary low Humour of the Times we live in; who, groveling in the baſer Methods of getting Money by Fraud and Bite, by deceiving and over-reaching one another, ſcorn the glorious Ways by which our Anceſtors grew Rich; when they purſu'd, together with their private Advantages, the Honour and Intereſt of their native Country, and of their Poſterity.

If our Subſcriptions had been for ſuch Things as theſe, and the Management had appear'd to be as fair as the Deſign was honourable, we had never had an Act of Parliament to ſuppreſs them as publick Nuſances, and Scandal to a Chriſtian Government. But the *Britiſh* Nation would have been encourag'd to exert her ſelf to the utmoſt in them; whereas now, we are all degenerated into Bubble and Bite, and the *Exchange*, as well as *Exchange-Alley*, is become a mere Gaming-Stage; where, inſtead of Merchants carrying on uſeful Commerce, we ſee Throngs of Setters and Cullies, ſharping and cheating one another.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

NUMB. XI.

AS every Man in his own Opinion, fit to come abroad in print; ſo every Occaſion that can but put him upon prating to Mankind, is ſufficient to ſet his Pen a running; provided he himſelf can hold the principal Character in his own Book. Old *de Montaigne* has given the World a Book, which is little leſs but a Muſter-Roll of his own Appetites, Adventures and Infirmities, interſperſed with cunning Speeches and numerous Quotations; which ſeldom are much to the purpoſe, but brought in, as I conceive, to prove the memorable Frailty of his Memory, of which he is always complaining; and yet he ſhews, by a thouſand inſtances, that he has an extraordinary good one. This old Talkative Piece of *French* Vanity is a good Author in the main, but he is a good Author by Chance: His ſpecial Drift was to fill a Volume with himſelf; he indeed ſays many good Things by the by, but no Thanks to his Deſign.

There is ſcarce a Man living, who does not think, that a compleat Hiſtory of his Affairs would be a ſenſible Gratification to the Univerſe. We are a Generation of Scribblers; and if the Bookſellers would but print every Book that is offered to them, as ſometimes they do not, more through Fear than any Knowledge or Skill they have in the Matter, the whole World would not contain the Books that are and would be written.

A Citizen of my Acquaintance, who is ſomething litigious, has been theſe Five and Twenty Years engaged in a *Chancery* Suit: He ſays, it cannot laſt above Twelve Years longer; becauſe, by that Time, the Defendant will not be worth a Groat, and therefore not be able to ſtand his Ground in that Court; which being a Court of EQUITY, is a dear one: *And then*, ſays my Friend, *I will have my whole Caſe printed, it will make Forty pretty pocket Volumes; and Mr.—— will give me any Money for them, if*

if I will take his Word for Payment, which is all the Coin the poor Man has to part with; and even that, alas! is not current: However, I will let him have my Work; he will furnish it with some instructive Bawdy.

If an ignorant Mariner goes a Coasting a Month or two to catch *Herring* or *Mackerel*, the first thing he thinks of, after he comes Home, is the printing his Voyage. I have seen a Book of Voyages come forth in a smart Size, with a good decent Letter and Cover, and yet the most important Thing I could learn from it was, how the Wind sat two Years before upon the Coast of *Malabar*; or how the Author dined heartily in such a Latitude upon a large *Porpoise*, and drank a Drachm of Rum after it.

There are Sermons enough in St. *Paul's* Church Yard to build another Cathedral, were the Matter solid enough.

Then for *Biography*, or the Lives of particular Persons, there is no End of them. If an honest dead Dunce has been but a Lord, or has writ an Epigram, or been a Dignitary in the Church, or endowed a Vicaridge, —th whip, you have forthwith his *Life* and *Character*, and perhaps a *Funeral Sermon*, naturally tack'd to the End of the stupid Story.

I cannot, on this Occasion, omit an Epitaph which I lately met with near *Newberry*, in *Berks*.

"Here lies inter'd the Body of *B. B.* Vicar of "this Place: A little before his Death he went to "Law for the small *Tithes* of *Farm*, and recovered "them; and is since gone to receive the Reward "of so GREAT MERIT.

You observe, Reader, how this holy Vicar, knowing that *The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth Violence, and that the Violent take it by Force*, got into it by the Dint of Squabbling: Happy Man! he purchas'd Paradise for himself, and *Eggs* and *Apples* for his Successors.

Of all the several Classes of Scribblers, there is not a sillier than that of your Authors of *Travels*. There are several Things common to all these Tra-

vellers, and yet peculiar to every particular Traveller. In the first place, every one of them has escap'd some imminent Danger, which no Man was in before; either a Bridge has fallen under him, or a House over him, or *Bravo's* have set upon him, or his Horse has stumbled, or has broken his Shins. In the second place, he meets with astonishing Instances of Respect at every *Court*, Convent, or *Publick Place* that he visits; some Dutchess dances with him, or some King drinks to him, or some Minister complements him, or some famous Antiquary shews him Cockle-Shells, and the like curious Rarities. In the third place, he makes wonderful Remarks and Discoveries, that had not been made ever since the last Book of Travels came out, which made just the same: He lays it down for certain, that the Commonwealths of *Holland* and *Geneva* are both govern'd without a King; and if he is not mistaken, the King of *France* has more Power, and more Soldiers than the King of *Great-Britain*. *Holland* produces good Butter, and in *France* they wear wooden Shooes; he did not meet with a Bit of Bag-Pudding in *Italy*, except at an *English* Merchant's at *Legborn*. He saw a fine Church at *Milan*, and another at *Rome*. N.B. *The Pope lives in the latter*. In some Cities he stays a Week, and gives you a *full and true Account* of their Civil and Ecclesiastical Polity, with the *Manners* of the People, their Trade and Manufactures; others he knows as well by hear-say, and describes them every whit as accurately. It is Ten to one but for an irresistible Sample of his Sagacity, he talks of *habitable lodging Rooms*, and acquaints you that a *Chamber of* 30 *Foot Square will hold more People than one of Fifteen*. See the GRAND TOUR by a *Right Honourable Author*, or as he calls himself, *A Person of Honour*.

A Traveller, when once he takes it into his Head to be a Writer, does not blot Paper with the meer Purpose of giving his Readers a Detail

of

of *Wonders* and *Remarkables* only: No! his Buſineſs is to entertain you with every paultry perſonal Nick-nack that came in his Way, whether it relates to his Back or his Belly. — Now, what the Devil is it to Mankind whether the Booby paſs'd the *Alps* upon a Mule, or upon a Beaſt that is full nearer a-kin to him? or whether he din'd upon *Soup* or *Salmon*? or whether he went ſuch a Stage in a Coach or a Gondala? The Truth is, a Book of Travels is often nothing elſe but a *Journal of the Author's neceſſary Occaſions.*

NUMB. XII.

IN my laſt, as I remember, I made my ſelf merry with ſome of our Books of *Travels*; and very luckily, ſince then, has fallen into my Hands a little Manuſcript, intitled, TRAVELS *from* EXETER *to* LONDON, *with proper Obſervations.* By the Sagacity ſhewn in the Remarks, I take the Author to be ſome polite 'Squire of *Devon*; but the Spelling being better than is uſually found in the Writings of that *Worſhipful Set* of Men, I conceive he might have committed the Care and Decorations of the Style to the Parſon of his Pariſh.

TRAVELS *made and performed from* EXETER *to* LONDON.

In our firſt Day's Journey nothing ſignal befel us, ſave that the Coachman ſtop'd at leaſt a dozen times to drink and light his Pipe. Furthermore, a hard Shower of Rain fell upon us five Miles beyond *Dorcheſter*, but wet us not, we being in the Stage-Coach. We din'd this Day upon a Leg of Mutton and Spinnage, and had good *Southam* Cyder.

As ſoon as we came to our Inn, I took a View of *Dorcheſter*; it has a Market Houſe in the Middle of it, and there is a River running by it, in which it is credibly reported there is ſome Fiſh. We ſupp'd this Night upon a Neck of Mutton and Broth, and had ſome rare October, as pale as Sack, as ſoft as Sherry, and as ſtrong as Brandy—— Rare Beer, indeed!

When we came to *Piddle Town*, they brought us ſome run Wine, it was ſmall and ſower; ſo that I (being alſo faſting) could not drink above a Quart thereof. When we came to *Blandford*, I alſo took a View thereof; it has alſo a Market Houſe in the Center, and a River running by it, near unto which there is Store of Meadow Ground: I ſaw there a very comely Bay Gelding, lame of the String-halt—— it was a thouſand Pities. We dined this Day upon a good fat Gammon and Greens, and had moreover excellent October.

We ſtop'd in *Cranbourn Chaſe* at a ſmall Hut upon the Highway, there I gulp'd a thwacking Glaſs of rare *French* Brandy, and eat a Biſket; the Ways here are very good, being all upon the Down; and you ſee on every ſide Flocks of Sheep. We din'd this Day upon Beef and Carrots—— The October not ſtrong enough.

When we came to *Saliſbury*, I walk'd into the Market-place, and round it, for at leaſt a Quarter of an Hour, becauſe I would be able to give a good Account of this City. It lies low, and has Water about it. It has a large Market-place, and they ſay they have a brave large Church; but our Beer at the Inn was very bad. We ſupp'd this Night on Bacon and Fowls—— The October ſtark naught!

Stockbridge is famous for Store of Fiſh; upon which I concluded, before I ſaw it, that it had a good River near it, and it prov'd ſo: Here I drank ſome Butter'd Ale, and a Dram after it, excellent *French* Brandy! *Sutton* has nothing extraordinary, but that it is a poor little ordinary Town. We

din'd

din'd this Day upon a Hog's Face, and a Couple of Rabbits. No good Beer!

Basingstoke stands upon the side of a Hill; and near it there is a Common; there is also hard by, a Deer-Park, belonging to some great Duke, but I know not who he may be; it is like he has a Place at Court, for they say he seldom lives there. Here we drank a Dram, and I jogg'd on.

We lay at *Hartford Bridge*. It stands close by a great Heath, Twenty Miles over, for ought I know to the contrary. My Landlady was a Widow Woman, and a very good Woman she was — I never supp'd better in my Life — We had Bacon and Eggs, and a roasted Turkey, and some good brown Beer. As we went through the aforesaid Heath, we saw a Gibbet, where a Highwayman had been hang'd; may they all come to the same untimely Fate!

Egham is a long Town, not worth one's Pains to describe it so exactly as I have described the rest. There are Two or Three Inns in it, but ne'er a Market House: Here I first saw the River *Thames*, and a lovely sweet River it is — We din'd at *Tim Harris's*: We had a Leg of boil'd Pork and Turnips, and some curious *Red Port*. The Maid of the House knew me; but I pretended not to know her, for I suppose she expected something from me; so I thought it became us Travellers to carry our Wits about us.

Brentford is the longest Town ever I saw; it stands upon the aforesaid River *Thames*, and has a Market House in it. Here I saw sitting upon a Bench in the Street, a grave, fat, old Gentleman, with Whiskers, and a Fur Cap; he had likewise on a long grave Coat, like a Gown; I bow'd to him, taking him to be Mayor of the Town, but they told me he was a Waterman, past Business — Here I drank half a Pint of *Lisbon*, very good!

Beyond *Hammersmith* I began to see a great many fine Houses on both Sides of the aforesaid River

Thames;

Thames; I was ſurprized to hear that many of them belonged to Tradeſmen in the City; for I thought they had all along belong'd to *Noble Dukes*. Juſt as we came into *Hammerſmith*, a Wheel broke off from the Coach; and while it was mending I went to an Ale-houſe, where I ask'd the Tapſter ſeveral Queſtions about the Place and the People; as well knowing that we Travellers ſhou'd improve our ſelves. He prov'd in Converſation to be an underſtanding Lad; for I found he had been once at a Grammar School; ſo when I paid for my Pint of Ale, I gave him a Penny over and above for himſelf. The Ale here was but poor Stuff. The Country hereabouts is well wooded, and very full of People.

At *Kenſington* the King has a Houſe, and a large Garden. Here are alſo ſeveral other Gardens very fine; but (more Shame is theirs) they ſell whatever they produce. The Ale here alſo is ſtark naught. We went thro' *Hide Park* to *London*, which is as pretty a Piece of Road as ever the Crow flew over.

Our Author goes on to tell us how he came to his Inn, what he had for Supper; and again he diſgraces the Ale. The reſt of his Travels being principally the Deſcription of *LONDON*, I reſerve for my next.

NUMB. XIII.

The Sequel of the VVeſt Country Squire's Travels, being his Deſcription of LONDON.

LONDON is certainly the greateſt City upon Earth; at leaſt there is nothing like it in *Devonſhire*: But our Beer is infinitely better than theirs, which is as black as Bulls Blood, and

as

as thick as Muſtard. Every thing is ſhamefully dear there. You pay Half a Crown, or three Shillings for a Chicken; which with us would not yield above a Groat or Five Pence: But they have ſo many Cuſtomers, that they juſt aſk and have what they pleaſe. You ſee a great Number of Coaches ſtanding in the Street ready to be hired; and they will carry a Beggar, for his Money, as ſoon as a Lord, and ſooner; for they ſay that Perſons of Quality, inſtead of paying the Coachman, do often run him thro' the Body, and it ſeems there is no Law againſt Lords; which is the Reaſon that Perſons of Quality are greater — than any Sort of Men whatſoever. Theſe Coaches are very convenient, if they were not ſo confounded dear; but if one of them carries you but three Doors he will have a Shilling; whereas in our Country, you may have a Couple of Horſes a dozen Miles for Half a Crown.

The Houſes here are all built of Brick, and for the moſt part, one Houſe holds ſeveral Families. So fond are People of living in *London*, notwithſtanding the Badneſs of the Drink.

Here are alſo hireling Chairs; they are cover'd with black Leather, and braſs Nails; they have fine Saſh Windows, and a Saſh Door, and fine ſilk Curtains, and rare ſoft Cuſhions; one of them is carried by two ſhort Fellows, with no Heels to their Shoes: They uſe two long Poles, and pace along with wonderful Expedition. *Theſe Chairs too are deviliſh dear.*

There are Houſes here call'd Chocolate-Houſes, covered all over with Sconces and Looking-Glaſſes. Hither Gentlemen, who have nothing to do but to dreſs themſelves, repair to ſhew their fine Cloaths. It is worth while to ſee a whole Row of theſe Beaus ſit looking at one another, or at themſelves; or if they do any thing elſe, it is only to ſwear, and take Snuff, or to play at Dice; and then all the while they play, they are conſtantly

by damning themselves. It is almost become a Proverb here in *London*, that *all your fine Fellows are prodigiously ignorant, and prodigiously wicked*; insomuch that they are the Jest of Men of Wit, and pity'd by Men of Virtue; and shun'd by both.

There is a fine River running by *London*, full of Ships and Boats; one of these Boats will carry you for Six-pence, and some of them for Three Pence, a great Way: And it would be very pleasant, if it were not for the Abuse and ugly Language you meet with; for the People upon the Water will affront you to your Teeth, and call you a hundred Names, tho' you do not say a Word to them. It is to no Purpose to be angry, and to threaten them; they laugh at all that. I offered to get out of the Boat, and to box with several of these saucy Fellows, but not one of them would accept of my Challenge; nay, the Women are as bad as the Men; *the more Shame is theirs.*

I went to St. *Paul's* Church, which is almost as big as a Town, and much taller, to see *my Lord Mayor*; he was an elderly Man, in a red Gown, pretty fat, and he slept all the Time of Divine Service, for which I thought he was to blame, seeing it would have better become a Magistrate like him to have reproved the People for walking about the Church as they did, and talking of their own worldly Affairs.

Westminster-Hall is a vast great Room, where Law and Justice have been often sold, but sold so dear, that one had often better go without them. The Lawyers stroll about here, and look devilish sharp and greedy for Fees. There are in the Hall other Toymen besides the Lawyers; and they too sell you their Bawbles at treble Prices: So here is nothing but biting on all hands.

Not far from hence is the House of Commons: I went to see it, and to see the Manner of their Proceeding, and came away very much dissatisfied, for a dozen Members talk'd at a time, and I could

under-

understand not a Word of the Debate. I also visited the House of Lords; there indeed I perceived more Order, but neither heard nor saw any thing remarkable, but some grave Folks in odd Habits.

There is a Street in *London* call'd *Drury-Lane*, which is a very scandalous Place, being for the most part inhabited by filthy lewd Women; and yet it is frequented by *Great Men, and grave Citizens*; it is therefore no Wonder these shameless Jades wear fine Cloaths and gold Watches.

In this great City People are quite another thing than what they are out of it; insomuch, that he who will be very great with you in the Country, will scarce pull off his Hat to you in *London*. I once din'd at *Exeter* with a Couple of Judges, and they talk'd to me *there*, and drank my Health, and we were very familiar together. So when I saw them again passing through *Westminster-Hall*, I was glad of it with all my Heart, and ran to them with a broad Smile, to ask them how they did, and to shake Hands with them; but they look'd at me so coldly, and so proudly as you can not imagine, and did not seem to know me; at which I was confounded angry and mad; but I kept my Mind to myself. At another Time, I was at the Play-House, (which is a rare Place for Mirth, and Musick, and dancing) and being in the Pit, saw in one of the Boxes a Member of Parliament of our Country, with whom I have been as great as Hand and Glove; so being overjoy'd to see him, I call'd to him aloud by his Name, and ask'd him how he did; but instead of saluting me again, or making any Manner of Answer, he look'd plaguy sowre, and never opened his Mouth; tho' when he is in the Country, he is as merry a Grig as any in forty Miles, and we have crack'd many a Bottle together.

NUMB. XIV.

REASON and Imagination, tho' they are very unlike each other, the one acting by Certainty

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NUMB. XIV.

REASON and Imagination, tho' they are very unlike each other, the one acting by Certainty

tainty and Rule, and the other roaming casually from Object to Object, and sporting it self with Phantoms and Non-entities, yet seldom, or never, are absolutely separated; Reason checks Fancy in its most extravagant Sallies, and Imagination enlivens Reason in its most solemn Demarches. Reason without Fancy is dull, and Fancy without Reason is mad.

I have seen in some of our devout Formularies, if I remember right, Prayers against romantick Thoughts; which Prayers I thought as romantick, as the Thoughts they were employ'd against. I cannot apprehend that rambling Imaginations, which are not exercised in the raising and improving any criminal Appetite, have any Taint of Vice in them; nor do I see what Sin results from building Castles in the Air. It is certain that Men of the most lively Imaginations, have much more Pleasure in Life, than those groveling Morals, who walk very regularly, but very stupidly, by the Leading-Strings of common Sense. I believe it will be hard to shew that the Quickness and Velocity of the animal Spirits, is any Iniquity, or their Slowness, any Virtue. I break no Commandment by imagining my self a King; nor is it the Sign of any Grace in me, that I live and act like an Earth-Worm.

For my own Part, I must own my self a mighty Debtor to my Imagination; it has furnished me, and does hourly furnish me with finer Sights, and higher Scenes of Pleasure, than ever the visible Creation has done. To demonstrate this to my Reader, I shall present him with the Travels of my Imagination, for about half an Hour, as I walked Yesterday by the Side of a River, among a Parcel of Cows.

Giving full Scope to my Fancy, it carried me, the first thing it did, in the twinkling of Eye, to *Rome*; there in as short a Space of time I climb'd through a Gradation of Preferments, till I was made Cardinal, and Favourite of the *Pope*: But the most Holy Father tempting me to something very

very wicked and indecent, I deſerted the *Vatican* in great Wrath and Reſentment; and, like a good Proteſtant, throwing away my Beads, and my Scarlet Hat, I took a ſhort Trip to *Conſtantinople*, where, after having ſhewn eminent Marks of Wiſdom in the *Divan*, and unparallel'd Proofs of Valour in the Field, I was for my great Merit, by the univerſal Conſent, declared *Grand Seignior*. Here I reigned with vaſt Applauſe for ſeveral Years; but at laſt conſidering that an Emperor of the *Turks* is only the chief Butcher of his own People; and remembring withal, that a Plurality of Wives is inconſiſtent with the Doctrine of the eſtabliſhed Church of *England*, (to ſay nothing of the *Alcoran*) I ſtole out of the *Seraglio* one Moon Light Night, and walked five hundred Leagues before Morning; and then I arrived at a certain King's Court, where, by my good Dancing, and my Skill in Dreſs, I merited the King's Daughter, and had her given me for a Wife; but ſhe prov'd ſuch an errant Scold, that there was no living with her; ſo we were divorced.

My next Tour was to another King's Court, where half an Hour after I arrived, I was made firſt Miniſter, and had the abſolute Diſpoſal of his Majeſty and his Dominions committed to me: I filled this Poſt with great Sufficiency, and made a ſweet Penny of my Maſter and his Revenues; and I was cried up every Moment in my own hearing, for the ableſt Stateſman in the World; and indeed the higheſt of my Maſter's Subjects ſhewed me humble Faces, and ſupple Backs. It is remarkable, that all the while I ſuſtained this Character, I was poſſeſs'd with an irreſiſtible Spirit of Lying and Oppreſſion; and yet I ſpoke all Men fair, and ſeemed the openeſt and ſincereſt Creature living; I was two Years at the Head of Affairs, when his Majeſty took a ſudden Liking to his Barber, and at once made him his principal Councellor in my Place, and inſtantly all the World run after the Barber, extolling his vaſt Genius for Buſineſs, and his great Experience in State Affairs.

While I was preparing to leave this Court, and without fixing a certain Term of being here, or the Place I would escape to, His Majesty dismissing me, and though I was good for nothing else, yet I would make a good and favourable Churchman, created me, most possibly, an Archbishop. I thought I now should live opulently and safely in the Bosom of this Church, and was wonderfully pleased with my new Figure, and Equipage, and Revenue. But that my Content soon vanished; for such a Train of turbulent Passions took up their Abodes in my Breast, that I found no Content at all; I grew covetous, ambitious, impatient and revengeful; I wanted to reduce all the Lands in the Nation into my own Possession, and all Men in the Nation to my own Standard of Thinking; and because I found them both impossible, I grew stark Mad. I declared for Racks, Tortures and Burnings, and shewed all other Symptoms of Inhumanity and Phrenzy; but luckily calling to Mind, that when I was a Cardinal, I had had the self same Tortures and Ravings, I concluded the Cause to be in the Cloth, and so off I tore it, and presently I was in my Senses, and my edly and merciful Temper returned.

After this I travelled a long Way, and coming into a pleasant Country, I turned Peasant, and marrying a jolly Milk-maid, we lived together in a Cottage with great Quiet, Industry and Content; till my Landlord, who was a Man of Quality, debauched my Wife, which had almost broke my Heart. This Sting and Disgrace having thrown me into a violent Melancholy, I was in a declining Condition, and sending for a Physician, I grew worse; *so I discarded him*, and grew better.

Having gathered a little Strength, I came to *London*, when, without knowing how, I was made a Director of the *South Sea*. I met them at all their Courts and Committees, and think in my Life I never kept such unsavoury Company. In this Station my Mind was as violently rent with Avarice, Emulation, and the like mischievous Passions,

Sum; so when I was a Chandler, I had already got one Million, and could neither rest by Day, nor sleep by Night, till I had got another; I was therefore tossing my Head with Pride, and Reflections, and Projections, how to come at the said other Million; when my Landlady's Maid, by calling me to Dinner, stops the Wantonness of my Imagination, dissolved all my Wealth, and reduced me to an humble Author, with Pence and Impudence, and a few Farthings in my Pocket.

P.S. This is one of my waking Dreams, of which I have many; if my Readers like it, I can, for their Service and Entertainment, dream it waking as often as I please.

NUMB. XV.

To the Author of the London Journal.

SIR,

I Am one, of a Multitude of People, who are highly pleased with your Paper; and send you this on Purpose to tell you, that we find a Spirit in yours, which never yet appeared in any of our Journals; and in Truth, in few of our other Papers. Many of those Creatures might more properly take for their Title, *The Diaries of the Mobb*, whose Actions they diligently record, and whose *Wit* and Language they faithfully imitate, and make their own.

It provokes one's Indignation, almost as much as it does one's Pity, to see those lifeless Drudges, with all their native Darkness and Impotence about them, pretend to be witty.

Wit is a thing as much out of their Reach, as Truth is out of their Practice. *Wit* is the Sparklings of a fine Understanding, quick in its Apprehension, clear in its Conception, and lively in its Communication: It is the Workings of a powerful

and

and fruitful Fancy, happy in ſtarting new Images, or throwing old ones into new and ſurprising Lights: It is a perpetual Fund of Entertainment to it ſelf and to others: It ſees Things as the World ſees them not; it dwells not on ſtale Objects, it is always new making or new moulding; it finds Ridicule where others find Merit, and finds Cauſe to laugh where others find none; It ſuffers nothing to paſs unheeded, but pulls Things to Pieces, and examines with admirable Quickneſs, whether they are really what they paſs for: It peeps through all the Diſguiſes of exalted Knaves, and ſhews their moſt ſolemn Pretences for the publick Good, to be often but mere Cloak and Farce: It ſometimes puts Eyes into the buzzard Multitude, and ſhews them the vile Tricks and diſhoneſt Ends of the Knaves that lead them; though this laſt too ſeldom happens, ſo thick is the Sealing of their Light.

By theſe few Lineaments of Wit, which I have here drawn, may be eaſily ſeen whether our Gentlemen Journaliſts have the leaſt Provocation to be thankful to Heaven for a Gift which it never gave them. Sure never lived a more ſtupid Tribe. They are Diggers, mere Diggers, and in the vileſt Soil about Town, the poor and unproſperous Region of *Grub-ſtreet*: The ſleepy Slaves have not Invention enough to tell a dull Lye, without being beholden for it, either to the *Church*, the *State*, or the *Coffee-Houſe*; Places that a Lyar, who had any Parts or Soul in him, would ſcorn to be obliged to.

But theſe unfurniſhed Animals will, in ſpight of Inſtruction, and in direct Violence to their heavy Natures, be ſtill labouring at *Jeſt* and *Sarcaſm*; and to ſhew that they are impartial Men, they firſt make a Jeſt of themſelves; and it is to be obſerved, that their *Waggery* is often Perſonal, and *happily* and *properly* aimed at ſome particular Man, who is either above their Abuſe, or below the Notice of all other Men. I have been ſometimes amazed how theſe Wretches could ſet up for being rational,

and

and yet be diverted with the ill-favour'd Stupidities that they publish: But their Case is much the same with the Clowns in the Country, and who, though cast in a different Mould, are formed of the same Metal with their Oxen. These Creatures, to shew their Wit, and the Sprightliness of their Natures, will often salute a Gentleman with *Soho*, Sir, *You leave your Crupper behind you.* Now though all the Joke of this was, that the Gentleman's Crupper was not *before* him; yet the *Wag* opening all his Jaws, and shewing his immense Throat and dreadful Gums, has often set his Admirers into such a roaring Laugh, as must have rent their Sides, had they not been covered with Calf-Skin. Now pray enquire of some of our witty Journalists, whether they have not often been full as loud on as small Provocation.

The way of these Brutes, when they would be severe upon any whom they single out for an Antagonist, is to rob the Bench at *Billingsgate* of their most refined Names and Phrases, and to bestow them without Intermission or Mercy; after which they utter conquering *Bray*, and triumph all over the Town.

Now, tho' to be scurvily treated by such contemptible Pens, who can treat neither Men nor Matters well, is no worse than a Beagle's Belch in your Face, after a hearty Meal upon Carrion; yet the falling publickly upon Mens Persons, and raking into their private Affairs, when the Publick is not concerned, argues such a monstrous Baseness and Cruelty of Mind, that whoever is guilty of it, ought not to be tolerated in the Society of Men and Christians; yet such is the Practice of many of them, in whom I have seen much raving and stupid Abuse, but could never yet find the least instructive Reflection, or the faintest Glance of Wit.

But to conclude; allow me so far to break in upon your Modesty, Sir, as to assure you, that your Paper is valued for what *they* have not to boast of, not only an entire Absence of Scurrility, but

for Pieces that are void with Pleasure by Persons of the most refined Taste about this Town; and while you go on with so much Decency and good Sense, you may always expect our Praise and Approbation.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

NUMB. XVI.

IT is remarkable what a Sympathy there is between a humane Spirit and the Weather: I own myself one of those who are most affected by it, and the Condition of the Atmosphere is always mine. When the Sun is under a Cloud, so is my Spirit; and when *he* shines, so does it. The Reader, I doubt not, is before-hand with me, and has already observ'd, that this Paper is always writ in the finest of Weather: When it is a rainy Day, I droop and yawn over my Pen, and then I never fail to send my Lucubrations, by way of Letter, to Mr. *Mist*, and he, I thank him for his Complaisance and Discernment, never fails to print them.

When the Ancients reckon'd *Phœbus* the Patron and God of Wit, they only meant the wonderful Efficacy of Sunshine towards animating the Fancy, and inspiring gay Thoughts. Hence it is, that tho' I see a dull Piece of Work coming from the Hand of a Brother-Writer, yet I do not at first sight dub the Man a Dunce, till I know whether it rain'd or shin'd when he was about it. If the Air has not been favourable to him, during the Time of his Pregnancy and Lying in, I have Patience till *Phœbus* smiles; and then, if upon Trial, his Beams prove heavy, I shake my Head, and with his Right Arm in a Scarf, and a Seal upon his Scrutore, if he has one.

All our Journals, except my own, are such feeble rhetorical Performances, and so constantly so, that one

one may boldly pronounce 'em either to be writ in a thick Air, or; which I much more ſuſpect, that the Heads of their Authors are unhappily and everlaſtingly wrapt up in Clouds and Darkneſs. The ſame might be ſaid, with equal Truth, of many other Books, Poems, and Papers, pretending to more Genius and Politeneſs: But huſh! *Genus irritabile Vatum!* Tho' *Moles* have no Eyes, they may, for ought I know, have Teeth.

Sun-ſhine alſo opens Peoples Hearts, and diſplays Chearfulneſs round their Faces. My Friend *Jeſſamy Scrape*, in the City, is worth a Hundred Thouſand Pounds; but he lives generally in great Fear of Want; or rather, he ſtarves himſelf for fear he ſhall ſtarve. And yet, in a Sun-ſhine Day, he beſtows a generous Two-pence upon the powdering of his Wig, he puts on a clean Cravat, and Stockings without Darns; and fearleſsly fills his Belly. I met him once, in a fine Morning, upon Change, and he took me by the Hand, led me to a Tavern, and treated me with a Gill of *Mountain*, which could not coſt him leſs than Three-pence: I thank'd the Sun in my Heart, for having open'd the old Man's. I never met him ſince but upon dark or rainy Days, and then his Perſon is very dirty and neglected, and his Face full of Deſpair. The Gift of another Gill, in ſuch Weather, would make him Cuſtomer to the Rope-Makers.

I have ſo long made Obſervations upon the Weather, that I know perfectly well its great and certain moral Effects upon humane Minds. When therefore I have Buſineſs with any one, I conſider the Man and the Elements; I know ſeveral, who, with the Aſſiſtance of the Sun, are very honeſt Fellows, but in a Shower of Rain, are as great Knaves as any in the *Alley*. I carry'd a Bill one Morning, which required prompt Payment, to Mr. *Broſs Fortune*, in *Lombard-ſtreet*; he ſcratch'd his Head in an equivocating Manner, and made a Thouſand Shifts, and a Thouſand Words. Juſt as I was going to be angry at the Man, I happen'd to look out, and finding there was a great Fog, I knew there was no need to be done with him till the Sky was more

favourable, and diſpos'd Mr. *Braſs Farthing* to more Honeſty—ſo away I went. I ſtay'd at Home all Day, watching the Weather, and happily about Six in the Evening the Sun came about. I bleſs'd my Stars, and took Coach, driving with all ſpeed to Mr. *Braſs Farthing*'s; I gueſs'd right, the Man was in an honeſt Humour, and without my ſaying a Word, he pull'd a Bag out of his Drawers, and fell a counting out my Money to me with great Alacrity. But before he had told it all, the Sun dipt in, and then I ſaw the old Man's Face ſettle into Sullenneſs, and his Fingers linger'd over the Gold; however, he could not now go back, and I carry'd away my Money with me.

NUMB. XVII.

To the Author of the London Journal.

SIR,

IF *it were not for Hope, Heart would break*, ſays an old Proverb. I have taken from this venerable Saying a Hint, or rather a *Text*, for my following Diſcourſe, upon the *Wildneſs of humane Hope*. I call that *Hope* wild, which has only a ſtrong Imagination for its Foundation; for I do not mean to ſay any thing here concerning Hope grounded upon Reaſon or Chriſtianity.

We are miſled by the Partiality we have for our ſelves, to ſuppoſe that the Univerſe is by our Merit engag'd in our Intereſt; and ſo there is not an *old Waſherwoman* in Town, but thankfully believes that the Sun ſhines purely to dry her Linnen: Tho' our *Dyers*, and ſeveral other important Tradeſmen, humbly conceive that the Favour is meant altogether to them. Once, upon a rainy Morning, I heard a Hackney-Coachman, as he was driving through *Temple-Bar*, cry to one of his Brethren, *You ſee*, Jack, *Providence takes care of us*; *Ay*, ſays Jack, *the Weather*,

G—d d—mn it, has not favour'd us this Fortnight before. At Night the Rain ceas'd: *Now*, says a Woman that sold grey Peale, *this is what I pray'd for.* The *Author* and *Publisher* of the *Shrewsbury Puddings*, was once praising the Excellency of his own Works to me, and begging me, if I had any *Relish* for 'em, to let him take some of my Money. *Master*, quoth he, *there is none like them in all the three Kingdoms of* Europe. I ask'd him, Why others could not make 'em as well as he? *Because*, says he, *God Almighty would not let them take the Bread out of my Mouth.*

A Widow that keeps a Country Inn, had a Son, who work'd Journey work with the King's Baker, who makes Biskets for the Navy. The Lad had Mettle in him, and kept a Mistress; by which means, running into greater Expence than his weekly Revenues would answer, he was forc'd to borrow Money on *Hounslow-heath*; but not doing it in a legal Way, the Law took Advantage of him, and he was condemn'd to be hang'd for the same; *No matter*, said his Mother, *I warrant that the King will soon fetch him out of* Newgate; *for his Majesty, God bless him, would never eat a Bit of Bread but what was of my* Isaac's *Kneading.*

No Man's Condition is so good, but that he hopes it will be better. I believe it never happens that a Man, in the lowest Station of Life, aims presently at the highest; and as seldom that he does not aim at one higher than his own. *Hope* being begot by our Desire, is only a Compliment paid to our Wishes; so that while we have any thing to desire, we have always something to hope: *Hope* therefore is as immortal as Desire, but more limited: For, Desire having for its Object *All Things*, good or agreeable, which it is out of human Power to procure, must be frequently deserted by Hope: But *Aim*, which is a Species of *Desire*, or the Desire of something which we think we can procure, has always *Hope* for its Companion; and Hope is said to be Chimerical or *Vain*, when it is built rather upon Fancy than Probability and good Judgment.

I know not how I am become guilty of so much Philosophy, a Theme far from my Thoughts when I began this Paper. Whether it will conduce to the profess'd Design of it, the Reader will judge, when he has read the Whole.

This same Romantick Hope, like many other earthly Things, is, in its Beginning and Continuance, attended with Pleasure, but never fails to end in Mortification and Sorrow. He, who for Seven Years together, hopes for a fine Lady, or a fine Post, enjoys so far seven Years Happiness, which is perhaps wofully cancell'd by twenty Years Grief. Hope, which is a Thing profuse of Money and Time, often wastes a whole Estate, and the larger Part of a whole Life in idle Pursuits; and then kindly drops its miserable Votary within the cold Confines of Poverty and old Age.

To cherish vain Hopes within one's self, may be only Complexion, or at worst, Folly; but for another Person to feed them, by fair Professions, and delusive Promises, is wicked and barbarous. It implies a wilful and cruel Intention to rob a Man of his Life and Fortune, which is complicated Murder. This is a Crime which may be committed by People of any Degree or Figure; but is actually committed oftenest by those who are in the highest. Statesmen are usually said to practise it more than any others, because they have more Dependents than others. Happy therefore is that Minister who stands clear of this terrible Guilt; and more happy they who have escaped the terrible Effects of it.

Some hope themselves into Goal, and some into a Halter, but few into their Wishes; *Utopius* had once a good Estate, but he has spent it, in Hopes of getting a better. He had done some Service at the *Revolution*; and knowing little of Mankind, believ'd that Merit was a good Recommendation to a Ministry; he therefore turn'd Courtier, and had good Countenance shewn him, being promised any Thing he ask'd for, twenty Years together. This kept him in Heart, tho' he never got any thing; and he frankly minc'd away a large Manor,

them, selling it by Piece-meal, twenty Acres at a time. When it was all gone, and his Mouth stood on Tresspasses in another Man's Fields; and *Dapper* having withal too much Spirit to keep his Mansion-House without a Foot of Ground to it, he even sold the ancient Hall, for which he bonified the Poor as much as bought him a Birch-Night-Gown, and a Couple of Perriwigs. While his Money lasted, he liv'd very comfortably, and very cheerfully upon Promises; but when his Cash was consumed, Matters did not go quite so well; tho' he heretofore fed every Morning upon the Smiles of a first Minister, yet he often found himself very hungry at Noon. At present, he has neither Money, nor Liberty; he lives in the *King's Bench*, in bonny Expectation of a considerable Employment; for thirty Years Disappointment has not cured him of his Credulity. He still hopes.

I knew a Lady in *King Charles* II's time, who having Money, and a fine Person, had the Tender of many Hearts, and mine among the rest; but she read Romances, and refus'd us all, because we were not *Heroes*, and Kings Sons. She *hop'd* for nothing less than a Husband gifted with an Empire; but having staid long for the Arrival and Address of some *Prince Royal*, and staid in vain; she, out of Spite to him, marry'd (in the forty-fifth Year of her Age) her Brother's Footman: However, to shew that she has not altogether departed from her Character, she *hopes*, one time or other, to see her Spouse a Lord.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

NUMB. XVIII.

To the Author of the London Journal.

I Find, Sir, that People, put by their Education into a narrow Tract of Thinking, are as much afraid of getting out of it, as Children of quitting their

their Leading-Strings when first they learn to go. And whereas a Mind that would improve itself, must before it can do so, set it self at large, be free from Prejudices, and bold in its Enquiries, the very contrary Method is, for the most Part, practised in the bringing up of Youth. They are taught a raging Fondness for a Parcel of Names, that are never explained to them; and an implacable Fierceness against another Set of Names, which are always explained falsly to them; so they jog on in the heavy Steps of their Fore-fathers, or in the wretched and narrow Paths of poor-spirited and ignorant Pedagogues: They believe they are certainly in the right, and therefore never take the Pains to find out that they are certainly in the wrong.

I would here observe, what an artful Piece of Knavery it is in those, who are intrusted with the Education of our Youth, to be eternally praising to their Pupils, the peculiar Orthodoxy and Advantages of their *University*, above all others. This is a Way to sour the Minds of Youth; and instead of enlarging them, which is the Business of Education, to contract them, which is the Business and Effect of Pedantry. Such Teachers make their Pupils Bigots to themselves, and ill bred and uncharitable to all the World besides; that is, they make them like themselves.

From this Cause it comes to pass, that many *English* Gentlemen are as much afraid of reading some *English* Books, as the poor blind Papists are of reading Books prohibited by their Priests; which are, indeed, all Books, that have either Religion or Sense in them. I once heard a noble *English* Lord declare, upon the casual Mention of Mr. *Hobbs*, that he had heard that he was a great Man; *but*, says his Lordship, *I never read him, for it is dangerous.* I easily guessed what had put his Lordship into so great a Fright about Mr. *Hobbs*: The Peer had had *a narrow University Education.* It is true he had been for a short time abroad, but he was all the while under the Government of a

poor

poor ill judging ſcanty hearted Prieſt, who brought home his noble Pupil quite out of Conceit with *Old England*, his own native Country, of *Holland* or *Geneva*, the latter of which he had never ſeen; but full of the Finery of the *French* Court, and of the Praiſes of its Government.

How nicely are thoſe Men taught, who are taught Prejudice? A Tincture of Bigotry appears in all the Actions of a Bigot. He will neither, with his good liking, eat or drink, or ſleep, or travel with you, till he has received full Conviction, that you waſh your Hands, and pare your Nails juſt as he does.

Here is a 'Squire come down from *London*, who is very rich, and has bought a World of Land in our County of *Durham*; the firſt Thing he did, when he came among us, was to declare that he would have no Dealings, nor Converſation with any *Whig* whatſoever; and, to make his Word good, having beſpoke ſeveral Beds, and other Furniture, to a conſiderable Value, of an Upholder here, he returned the whole upon the poor Man's Hands, becauſe his Wife had a Brother who was a Preſbyterian Parſon.

But this worthy and ingenious 'Squire was very well ſerved by an Officer of the Army, at a Horſe-Race here: They were drinking, among other Company, the *King's Health*, at the Door of a publick Houſe, on Horſe-back; the Officer, when it came to his turn, drank it to this *Doughty Highflyer*, who happened to be next to him; upon which he made ſome Difficulty at pledging it, ſuggeſted that publick Healths ſhould not be propoſed in mixed Company. *You would ſay*, ſays the Officer, if you durſt, *That a High Churchman would not have his Majeſty's Health propoſed to him at all*; upon this he ſwore he was a High Churchman, and was not aſhamed of it; *ſo I gueſs'd*, ſaid the Officer, *by your Diſloyalty; but, Sir*, ſays the Officer, *even Diſloyalty to your Prince, need not make you ſhew your ill Breeding in Company.* The 'Squire chafed moſt virulently at this, and urged, as a Proof of his good Breeding, that he had been

been bred at *Oxford*; so *Ignoti*, [say the Critics] *pro magnifico*. This nettled the Squire to the heart, and fired his little Soul at the Expression of the *coarse Taste*, for he proceeded to give all Words and to call ill Names; but the Officer quickly taught him, by the Hilt, to hold his Tongue, and ask Pardon. Thus it always fares with High Church in Argument, as it does in Affairs, he is constantly beaten; and the Courage and Understanding of her Party TALLY to each other.

But when promiscuous Conversation, and promiscuous Reading, are thus declined and forbid, two of the greatest Cures for Bigotry and Foolish of Soul are lost; therefore the grossest Ignorance among those that live thus, and resolve to live thus, is nothing wonderful. The greatest Genius upon Earth, beset with such Fears and Restraints, would be useless and concealed; and Motions and Discoveries made by his own Thoughts would alarm him, and for his own Ease he would check them all he could, and be a Blockhead for the Peace of his own Mind; so that deprived of the Benefit of his Reason and of Information, he must lead the Life of a Mole in perpetual Darkness; He might indeed make a good Plowman, a good Mechanick, and a very good High Churchman; but there he must stick, he can never be a Christian in point of Charity, nor a Gentleman in point of Breeding; nor a good Citizen in point of publick Spirit, tho' originally capable of being all three.

What shall we say then to the Bulk of the World, naturally heavy and dull? The Task of keeping them blind, must be very easy; as it is further evident, from the wretched Qualifications of most of those High Church Ka——s, who perform it.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

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